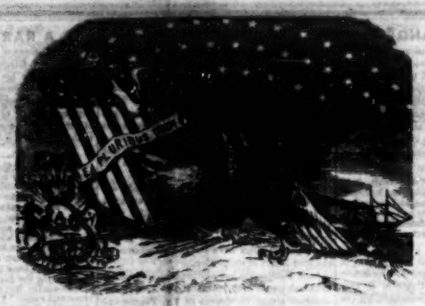
# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



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## Choice Poetry.

### NOT VERY FAR.

Surely, you heaven, where angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we dream,
From this low earth? 'Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream;
'Tis but a veil, which winds might blow aside;
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
From the bright dwelling of the glorified—
The land of which I dream.

These peaks are nearer heaven than earth below;
These hills are higher than they seem;
'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow
Of the o'erbending azure as we deem.
'Tis the blue floor of heaven that they upbear;
And, like some old and wildly-trapped stair,
They lift us to the land where all is fair—
The land of which I dream.

These ocean-waves, in their unmeasured sweep,
Are brighter, bluer than they seem;
True images of the celestial deep—
Fed from the fullness of the unfailing stream—
Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest.
With not a breath to stir its silent breast,
The sea that laves the land where all are blest—
The land of which I dream.

And these keen stars, the bridal gems of night,
Are purer, lovelier than they seem;
Filled from the inner fountain of deep light,
They pour down heaven's own beam;
Clear speaking from their throne of glorious blue,
Of accents ever sweet, ever new,
In the glad home above, beyond our view—
The land of which I dream.

This life of ours, these lingering years of earth,
Are brighter, swifter than they seem;
A little while, and the great second birth
Of time shall come, the prophet's ancient theme.
Then He the King, the Judge, at length shall come,
And for this desert, where we sadly roam,
Shall give the kingdom for our endless home—
The land of which I dream.

## Romance of History.

### TRUE LOVE:

OR,

### THE LAST OF THE RUTHVENS.

CHAPTER I.

"Davie Calderwood! worthy tutor and mentor!—Davie Calderwood." The old man made no answer to the call, which he scarce seemed even to hear. He sat not far from the shadow of his college walls, watching the little silver ripples of the Cam. His doctor's robes hid a common homely dress of gray; his large feet, dangling over the river bank, were clumsily shod, and his white, close-cropped hair, gave him a Puritanical look, when compared with the curled lair of the two younger and more fashionable.

"Davie Calderwood!—wake up, my man! News! —great news! From Scotland!" added the elder lad, in a cautious whisper.

It pierced the torpor of the old man: he started up with trembling eagerness.

"Eh, my dear bairn!—I mean my lord—my Lord Gowrie!"

"Hush!" said the youth bitterly; "let not the birds of the air carry that secret. Was it not crushed out of the earth a year ago? Call me William Ruthven, or else plain William, till with my good sword I win back my title and my father's name."

"Willie—Willie!" murmured the younger brother in anxious warning.

"He is afraid—see Patrick!" laughed William Ruthven. "He thinks that walls have ears, and tavern tongues, and that every idle word I say will go with speed to the vain, withered old hag in London, or to dull King Jamie in Edinburgh! He thinks he shall yet see brother Willie's love-hawk's floating from the top of the Tolbooth beside those of winsome Alock and noble John."

The elder youth spoke in that bitter jesting tone used to hide keenest suffering; but the younger one, a slight delicate boy of nineteen, clung to his brother's arm, and burst into tears.

"My lord," said Patrick Lindsay, confidentially, "ye will be unco tender o' the lad—your ae brither—your mother's youngest bairn! To speak too lightly o' things awfu' to tell of—awfu' to mind. Master Patrick," he added, laying his hand gently on the boy's shoulder, "ye are thinking of the pair bodie given to the fowls of the air and to the winds of heaven, at Stirling, Edinburgh, and Dundee; but ye forgot that whiles man dishonours the poor dust, even'mair God keeps the count. Therefore mind ye thou o' your two brothers—the bonnie Earl of Gowrie, and noble Alexander Ruthven—that are baith now with God."

As he spoke, the doctor's voice faltered, for nature had put into his huge, ill-formed frame a gentle, womanly spirit; and though he had fled from his country, and never beheld it since the year when his beloved lord, the first Earl of Gowrie, and father of these youths, perished on the scaffold—still, amidst all the learning and honors gained in his adopted home, David Calderwood carried in his bosom the same true Scottish heart; and perhaps it yearned more over the boy Patrick, in that he was, like his long dead father, a quiet reclining student, given to all abstruse philosophy; whereas William the elder was a youth of bold spirit, who chafed under his forced retirement, and longed to tread in the footsteps of his ancestors, even though they led to the same bloody end.

"Well, good master," he said, "when you have wept enough with Patrick, hear my news."

"Is it from thy mother, the pair hunted dove, cuid and worn, flying hither and thither about the ruins of her nest?"

Lord Gowrie's—let us give him the title for three months borne, then attainted, but which yet fondly lingered on the lips of two faithful friends, David Calderwood, and Lettice his daughter—Lord Gowrie's brow reddened, and instinctively he put his hand to where his sword should have hung. Then he muttered angrily, "Ah! I forget I am no Earl, no Scottish knight, but only a poor Cambridge student. But," he added, his face kindling, "though the lightning has fallen on the parent trunk, and its two brave branches, and though the rest are trodden under foot of men, still there is life, blood, fruit in the old tree. It shall grow up and shelter her yet—my noble, long-enduring mother—the first, the best, the —No; she shall not be the last Lady Gowrie."

While speaking, a flush, deeper even than that of youth's enthusiasm, burned on the young Earl's cheek, and he looked up to the window whence Lettice sat—sweet Lettice Calderwood, sweeter even than she was fair! She at a distance dimly saw the look; she met it with a frank smile—the smile a single-hearted, happy girl would cast willingly on all the world.

"The news—the news!" murmured old David.

"My bairns, ye talk and ye rave, but ye dinna tell the news."

"My mother writes that the cloud seems passing from our house; for the Queen Anne—she frowns us still, despite her kind—the Queen Anne has recently read for our sister, Beatrice, to court."

"Beatrice, whom brother Alexander loved more than all the rest," said Patrick, simply. But the elder brother frowned, and rather harsh ly bade him hold his peace.

"Patrick is a child, and knows nothing," said the young Earl; "but I know all. What open is for this weak Queen's folly or remembered sin, if through her interest I enjoy back into my father's honored seat? Oh, shame that I can only creep; that I must enter Scotland like a thief, and steal in at the court holding on to a woman's robe, when I would fain come with fire and sword, to crush among the ashes of his own palace, the murderer of my race!"

He spoke with a reckless fierceness, strange in such a youth; his black brows contracted, and his dilated nostrils seemed to swell and grow. Simple Davie Calderwood looked and trembled.

"Ye're a Ruthven, true and bold; but ye're no like the Earl o' Gowrie. I see in your face your father's father—him that rose from a dying bed to be a shedder of blood—him that slew Rizzio in Holyrood!"

"And when I stand in Holyrood—whether I creep in there or force my way with my sword—I will kneel down on that bloody spot, and pray Heaven to make me too, as faithful an avenger," was the keen low answer. Then, turning off his passionate emotion with a jest, as he often did, Lord Gowrie said gayly to his brother, "Come, Patrick, look not so pale; tell our good master the rest of the news—that to-night, this very night, then and I must start for bonnie Scotland!"

"Who is talking of bonnie Scotland?" said a girl's voice, young indeed, but yet touched with that inexplicable tone which never comes until life's first lessons have been learned—those lessons, whether of joy or grief, which leave in the child's careless bosom a woman's heart.

Lord Gowrie turned quickly and looked at Lettice, smilingly—rapturously, yet bashfully, as a youth looks at his first idol. Then he repeated his intention of departure, though in a tone less joyous than before. Lettice heard, without emotion as it seemed, only that her two thin hands—she was a little creature, pale and slight—were pressed tightly together. There are some faces which, by instinct or by force of will, can hide all emotion, and then it is the hands which tell the tale—the fluttering fingers, the tight clench, the palms rigidly crushed together. But these tokens of suffering no one saw: no one saw them in Lettice Calderwood.

"Do ye no grieve, my daughter, over these bairns that go from us? Was'a me! but there's danger in like step to baith the lads."

"Are both going?" asked Lettice; and her eyes wandered towards the younger brother, who kept a little apart, and stood by the little river, plucking leaves, and throwing them down the stream. "It is a long, severe journey, and Master Patrick has been so ill, and is not yet strong," added the girl, speaking with that grave dignity which, as mistress of the household, she sometimes assumed, and which made her seem far older than her years.

"Patrick is a manly fellow, to be sure," answered Lord Gowrie, inwardly smiling over his own youthful strength and beauty; "but I will take care of him—he will go with his brother."

"Yes," said Patrick, overhearing all, as it seemed. But he said no more; he was a youth of few words. Very soon Calderwood and the young lord began to talk over the projected journey. But Patrick sat down by the river-bank, and began idly plucking and examining the moss-flowers, just as if his favorite herbal and botanical science were the only interest of life.

"Patrick!" whispered Lettice's kind, sisterly voice. She sometimes forgot the difference of rank and blood in her tender compassion for the young proscribed fugitives who had been sent, in such utter destitution and misery, to her father's care—"Patrick!"

"Yes, Mistress Lettice."

"The evening closes cold; take this!" She had brought a cloak to wrap round him.

"You are very kind, very thoughtful—like a sister." Saying this, he turned quick, and looked at her. Lettice smiled. Whether gladness or sorry, she could always bend her lips to that pale, grave smile.

"Well, then, listen to me, as you always do; I being such a staid, wise old woman—"

"Though a year younger than I."

"Still, listen to me. My Lord Gowrie, your brother is rash and bold; you must be prudent for the sake of both. When you go from us, Patrick, cease dreaming, and use your wisdom. You have indeed the strength and wisdom of a man; it will be needed. Let not William bring you into peril; take care of him and of yourself."

Here the lips that spoke so womanly, grave, and calm, began to tremble; and Lettice, hearing her name called, went away.

Patrick seemed mechanically to repeat to himself her last words, whether in pleasure, pain, or indifference, it was impossible to tell. Then his features relapsed into their usual expression—thoughtful, quiet, and passionless. An old-young face it was—a mingling of the child with the man of old, but with no trace of youth between—a face such as we see sometimes, and fancy that we read therein the coming history as plainly written as in a book. So while, as the evening paused, Lord Gowrie's fiery spirit busied itself about plots and schemes, the fate of kingdoms and of Kings; and David Calderwood, stirred from his learned equipoise, trembled his simple mind with anxiety concerning his two beloved pupils—Lettice hid all her thoughts in her heart, brooding tremblingly over them there. But the young herbalist sat patiently pulling his flowers to pieces, and examining meanwhile, his eyes fixed on the little rippling stream. He seemed born to be one of those meek philosophers who through life sit still, and let the world roll by with all its tumults, passions, and cares. They are above it; or, as some would deem, below it. But in either case it touches not them.

It was the dawn of a September day, gloomy and cold. All things seemed buried in a dull sleep, except the Cam that went murmuring over its pebbles hour after hour, from night till morning. Lettice heard it under her window, as she stood in the pale light, fastening her head-tire with trembling hands. They were just starting—the two young Scottish cavaliers. Both had cast off the dress of the student, and appeared as befitted their birth. Bold, noble, and handsome looked the young Earl William in his gay doublet, with his sword by his side. As he walked with Lettice to the garden, (he had half-intreated, half-commanded to have a rose given by her hand,) his manner seemed less boyish—more courtly and tender withal. His last words, too, as he rode away, were a gay compliment, and an ardent yet youthful hope; alluding to the time when he should come back endowed with the forfeited honors of his race, and choose, not out of Scottish but of English maidens, a "Lady Gowrie."

Patrick, stealing after, a little paler—a little more silent than usual—affectionately bade his master adieu; and to the hearty blessing and good-speed only whispered "Amen." Then he took Lettice's hand; he did not kiss it, as his brother had graciously and courteously done; but he clasped it with a light cold clasp, saying gently, "Farewell! Lettice, my kind sister."

She moved a little, as if pained; and then calmly echoed the farewell. But when the sound of the horses' feet died away, she went slowly up to her little chamber, shut the door, sat down, and wept. Once only looking at her little hand—holding it as if there still lingered on it a vanished touch—the deep color rose in her cheek, and ever her face there passed a quick, sharp pang.

"He sleeps—always his sister!" She said to more. After a while she dried her tears, wrapped round her heart that veil of ordinary color life which a woman must always wear, and went down to her father.

"Lettice, what are those torn papers that thou art fastening together with thy needle? Are they writings or problems of mine?"

"Not this time, father," said Lettice, meekly; "they are fragments left by your two pupils."

"That is, by Patrick! William did not love to study, except that fantastic learning which all the Ruthvens loved—the occult sciences. Where papers are these?"

"Master Patrick's; he may want them when he returns."

"When! Ah, the dear bairn, his pair father's sin sun! will I ever see his face again!"

There was no answer save that of silence and patience. Lettice's fingers worked on. But a dull cold shadow seemed to spread itself over the room—over everywhere she turned her eyes; duller than the gloomy evening—colder, than the cold March rain which beat against the narrow college windows—that shadow that crept over her heart. She looked like one who for many days and weeks had borne on her spirit—not a heavy load, that is easier to bear, but a restless struggle—sometimes pain, sometimes joy, doubt, fear, expectation, faith, wild longing, followed by blank endurance. It was now a long time since she had learned the whole bitter meaning of those words, "The hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

"My dear lassie," said the old doctor, rousing himself from a mathematical calculation which had degenerated into a mere every-day reverie, "where has ye kenspit the pair young Earl's letter, that said he and Patrick were baith coming back to Cambridge in a week? Can ye no tell how lang it is sin syne?"

Lettice could have answered at once—could have told the weeks, days, hours—each passing slow like years—but she did not. She paused as though to reckon, and then said, "It is nigh two months, if I count right."

"Two months! Alas, alas!"

"Do you think, father," she said slowly, striving to speak for the first time what had been so long pent up that its utterance shook her whole frame with trembling—"do you think that any harm has come to the poor young gentlemen?"

"I pray God no! Lettice, do you mind what our pair Willie—I canna say 'the Earl'—could us of their great good fortune through the Queen; how that he would soon be living in Edinburgh as a grand lord, and his brother should end his studies at St. Andrews; only Patrick said he loved better to come back to Cambridge, and to his auld master. The dear bairn! Do you mind all this, Lettice?"

"Yes, father." Ah, truly poor Lettice did! "Then, my child, we needna fear for them. They are two young gentlemen o'rank, and maybe they lead a merry life, and that whiles gars them forget auld friends; but they'll aye come back sin time."

So saying, the old doctor settled himself in his high-backed chair, and contentedly went to sleep. His daughter continued her work until the papers were all arranged and it grew too dark to see, then she closed her eyes and pondered.

Her thoughts were not what may be called love-thoughts, such as you, young modern maidens, indulge in when you dream of some lover kneeling at your feet, or walking by your side, know yourself adored, and exult in the adoration. No such light emotion ruled Lettice's fancy. Her love—if it were love, and she scarce knew it as such—had crept in unwittingly, under the guise of pity, reverence, affection; it had struck its roots deep in her nature; and though it bore no flowers, its life was one with the life of her heart. She never paused to think, "Do I love?" or "Am I loved?" but her whole being flowed into that thought, were after wave, like a stream that insensibly glides into one dry channel, leaving all the rest.

Lettice sat and thought mournfully over the weeks of wearying expectation for him who never came. How at first the hours flew winged with restless joy, how she lay down in hope and rose in hope, and said to herself, calmly smiling, "To-morrow—to-morrow!" How afterwards she strove to make those words into a daily balm to still fear and pain that would not sleep; how at last she breathed them wildly, hour by hour of each blank day, less believing in them than letting them up like a cry of despair which must be answered. But it never was answered; and the silence now had grown so black and dull around her, that it pressed down all struggles—left her not even strength for fears.

She had feared very much at first. The young Earl William, so sanguine, so bold, might have been deceived. The King's seeming bonity might be but assumed, until he could crush the poor remnant of the Ruthven blood. She pondered continually over the awful fate of the Gowrie plot; often at night, in her dreams, she saw the emasculated axe, the two heads, so beautiful and young, mouldering away on the Tolbooth. Sometimes beside them she saw another—Horror! she knew it well—the pale, boyish cheek—the thoughtful brow. Then she would wake in shudderings and cries; and falling on her knees, pray that wherever he was —whether or no he might gladden her eyes again —Heaven would keep him safe and have pity upon her.

Again she thought of him in prosperity, living honored and secure under the glory of the Ruthven line—forgetting old friends, as her father had said. Well, and what right had she to murmur? She did not—save that at times, even against her will, the selfish cry of weak human tenderness would rise up—"Alas, thou hast all things, and I—I perish for want!" But her conscience ever answered—"He neither knows nor sees, so with him there is no wrong."

Night, heavy night, fell down once more.—Lettice had learned to long for the dull sleeper it brought—a little peace, a little oblivion mercifully closing each blank day. "Is it not time for rest, father?" she often asked long ere the usual hour; and she was so glad to creep to her little bower-chamber, and shut out the moonbeams and the starlight, and lie in darkness and utter forgetfulness, until lulled to sleep by the ripple of the stream close by. There had been a time when she either sat up with her father, or else lay awake till midnight, listening for steps in the garden.—for voices beneath the window—when every summons at the gate made her heart leap wildly. But all this was passed now.

Lettice put down the lamp, took off her coif, and unbound her hair. Before retiring, she opened the window, and gazed out into the night, which was cold, but very clear. She half leaned forward, and stretched out her hands to the North. No words can paint the look her countenance wore. It was yearning, imploring, despairing, like that of a soul longing to depart and follow upwards another soul already gone. In her eyes was an intensity that seemed mighty enough to pierce through all intervening space, and fly, dove-winged, to its desire. Then the lids dropped, the burning tears fell, and her whole frame sank collapsed, an image of hopeless, motionless dejection.

She was roused by a noise—the dash of oars on the usually-deserted river. She shut the window hastily, blushing lest the lamp should have revealed her attitude and her emotion to any stranger without. The sound of oars ceased —there were footsteps up the garden alleys—there was her father's eager voice at the door, mingled with other well-known voices. They were coming—they were come!

In a moment, all the days, weeks, months of weary waiting were swept away like clouds. The night of her sorrow was forgotten as though it had never been.

"And now that I am returned, thou wilt not give me another flower, Mistress Lettice?" said the young Earl, as he followed her up the garden-walks in the fair Spring morning. She had risen early, for sleep had been driven away by joy.

"There are no flowers now, at least none gay enough to be worth your wearing. Daisies and violets would ill-suit that courtly dress," said the maiden, speaking blithely out of her full-hearted content.

"Does it displease you, then? Shall I banish my silver-hilted sword, and my rich doublet with three hundred points, and don the poor student's hodden gray? I would do it, fair damsel, and willingly, for thee!"

And he smiled with a little conscious pride, as if he knew well that six months passed in the shadow of a court had transformed the bashful youth into an accomplished cavalier—brave, handsome, winning, yet pure and noble at heart, as the young knights were in the golden time of Sidney and of Raleigh.

Lettice regarded him in frank admiration.—"Truly, my Lord Gowrie, you are changed!—Source can I dare to give you the name you once honored me by permitting. How shall I call you and Master Patrick my brothers?"

"I wish it not," said the young man, hastily. "As for Patrick,—never mind Patrick;" as Lettice's eyes seemed wandering to the river-side, where the younger Ruthven sat in his old seat. "You see he is quite happy with his herbal and his books of philosophy. Let him stay there; for I would fain have speech with you." He led her into a shady path, and began to speak hurriedly. "Lettice, do you know that I may soon be summoned back to Scotland—not as a captive, but as the reinstated Earl of Gowrie? And, Lettice,"—here his voice faltered, and his cheek glowed, and he looked no more the bold cavalier, but a timid youth in his first wooing—"dear Lettice, if I might win my heart's desire, I would not depart alone."

"Not depart alone! Then thou wilt not leave Patrick with me, as was planned?" said the girl, uttering the first thought that rose to her mind, and then blushing for the name.

"I spoke not of Patrick—he may do as he wills. I spoke of some one dearer than brother or sister: of her who—"

"What! has it come to that?" merrily laughed out the unconscious girl. "Is our William at once, without sign or token, about to bring to us, and then perforce carry away home, a bonnie Lady Gowrie?"

The Earl seemed startled by a sudden doubt. "It is strange you should speak thus! Are you mocking me, or is it a womanly device to make me woo in plainer terms? Hear, then, Lettice, that I love! It is you I would win, you whom I would carry home in triumph, my beautiful, my wife, my Lady Gowrie!"

She stood transfixed, looking at him, not with blushes, not with maiden shame, but in a sort of dull amaze.

"Do my words startle you, sweet one? Forgive me, then, for I scarce know what I say.—Only I love you—I love you! Come to my heart, my Lettice, my wife that shall be!" and he stretched out his arms to enfold her. But Lettice, uttering a faint cry, glided from his vain clasp, and fled into the house.

In their deepest affections women rarely judge by outward show. The young Earl, gifted with all qualities to charm a lady's eye, had been loved as a brother—nothing more. The dreamy Patrick, in whose apparently passionless nature lay the mystery wherein such as Lettice ever delight—whose learning awed, while his weakness attracted tender sympathy—he it was who had unconsciously filled the treasure which a man giving all his substance could not gain—a woman's first, best love.

Her woor evidently dreamed not the truth. She saw him still walking where she had left him, or passing under her window, looking up rather anxiously, yet smiling. One thought only rose many weeks of wearying expectation for him who never came. How at first the hours flew winged with restless joy, how she lay down in hope and rose in hope, and said to herself, calmly smiling, "To-morrow—to-morrow!" How afterwards she strove to make those words into a daily balm to still fear and pain that would not sleep; how at last she breathed them wildly, hour by hour of each blank day, less believing in them than letting them up like a cry of despair which must be answered. But it never was answered; and the silence now had grown so black and dull around her, that it pressed down all struggles—left her not even strength for fears.

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"I spoke not of Patrick—he may do as he wills. I spoke of some one dearer than brother or sister: of her who—"

"What! has it come to that?" merrily laughed out the unconscious girl. "Is our William at once, without sign or token, about to bring to us, and then perforce carry away home, a bonnie Lady Gowrie?"

The Earl seemed startled by a sudden doubt. "It is strange you should speak thus! Are you mocking me, or is it a womanly device to make me woo in plainer terms? Hear, then, Lettice, that I love! It is you I would win, you whom I would carry home in triumph, my beautiful, my wife, my Lady Gowrie!"

She stood transfixed, looking at him, not with blushes, not with maiden shame, but in a sort of dull amaze.

"Do my words startle you, sweet one? Forgive me, then, for I scarce know what I say.—Only I love you—I love you! Come to my heart, my Lettice, my wife that shall be!" and he stretched out his arms to enfold her. But Lettice, uttering a faint cry, glided from his vain clasp, and fled into the house.

In their deepest affections women rarely judge by outward show. The young Earl, gifted with all qualities to charm a lady's eye, had been loved as a brother—nothing more. The dreamy Patrick, in whose apparently passionless nature lay the mystery wherein such as Lettice ever delight—whose learning awed, while his weakness attracted tender sympathy—he it was who had unconsciously filled the treasure which a man giving all his substance could not gain—a woman's first, best love.

Her woor evidently dreamed not the truth. She saw him still walking where she had left him, or passing under her window, looking up rather anxiously, yet smiling. One thought only rose many weeks of wearying expectation for him who never came. How at first the hours flew winged with restless joy, how she lay down in hope and rose in hope, and said to herself, calmly smiling, "To-morrow—to-morrow!" How afterwards she strove to make those words into a daily balm to still fear and pain that would not sleep; how at last she breathed them wildly, hour by hour of each blank day, less believing in them than letting them up like a cry of despair which must be answered. But it never was answered; and the silence now had grown so black and dull around her, that it pressed down all struggles—left her not even strength for fears.

She had feared very much at first. The young Earl William, so sanguine, so bold, might have been deceived. The King's seeming bonity might be but assumed, until he could crush the poor remnant of the Ruthven blood. She pondered continually over the awful fate of the Gowrie plot; often at night, in her dreams, she saw the emasculated axe, the two heads, so beautiful and young, mouldering away on the Tolbooth. Sometimes beside them she saw another—Horror! she knew it well—the pale, boyish cheek—the thoughtful brow. Then she would wake in shudderings and cries; and falling on her knees, pray that wherever he was —whether or no he might gladden her eyes again —Heaven would keep him safe and have pity upon her.

Again she thought of him in prosperity, living honored and secure under the glory of the Ruthven line—forgetting old friends, as her father had said. Well, and what right had she to murmur? She did not—save that at times, even against her will, the selfish cry of weak human tenderness would rise up—"Alas, thou hast all things, and I—I perish for want!" But her conscience ever answered—"He neither knows nor sees, so with him there is no wrong."

## Our Picture Gallery.

### EGYPTIAN WAR CHARIOT.

For the above spirited engraving of an Egyptian War Chariot, we are indebted to the publishers of that excellent work (noticed last week in our columns,) the Henry or Joseph. We learn from said work, that the Egyptian chariots were generally drawn by oxen, instead of horses, which are capable of going at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. In Bombay, and many other parts of the East Indies, oxen are now used, not only for drawing car riages, but for riding.

"Lettice," he said, "let there be peace and forgiveness between us. I will go away; you shall not be pained by more wooing. Only, ere I depart, tell me, is there any hope for me in patience or long waiting, or constant, much-enduring love?"

She shook her head mournfully.

"Then what was not mine to win is surely already won? Though you love not me, still you love: I read it in your eyes. If so, I think—I think it would be best mercy to tell me. Then I shall indulge in no vain hope: I shall learn to endure, perhaps to conquer at last. Lettice, tell me: one word—no more!"

But her quivering lips refused to utter it.

"Give me some sign—say, the sign that used to be one of death!—let your 'kerchief fall!"

For one moment her fingers instinctively clutched it tighter, then they slowly unclasped. The 'kerchief fell!

Without one word or look, Lord Gowrie turned—his face white, his whole countenance of his old proud step to the alley's end, then threw himself down on the cold, damp turf, as though he wished it had been an open grave.

When the little classic nest was, it was evident to Lettice that Lord Gowrie had unfolded all to his faithful and loving younger brother.—Still Patrick betrayed not his knowledge, and went on in his old dreamy and listless ways.—Once, as pausing in his reading, he saw Lettice glide from the room, pale and very sad, there was a momentary change in his look. It might be pity, or grief, or reproach, or what none could tell. He contrived so as to exchange no private word with her until the next morning; when, lounging in his old place, idly throwing pebbles into the river, and watching the watery circles grow, mix, and vanish, there came a low voice in his ear.

"Master Patrick Ruthven?"

He started to hear his full name uttered by lips once so frank and sisterly—but he took no notice.

"Well; what would you, Lettice?"

"It is early morning; there is no one risen but we two; come with me to the house, for I must speak with you. And what I say even the air must not carry. Come, Patrick; for the love of Heaven, come!"

Her face was haggard, her words wild. She dragged rather than led him into the room where the two boys had once used to study with her father. There she began speaking hurriedly.

"Did you hear nothing last night? no footsteps?—no voices?"

"No; yet I scarce slept."

"Nor I." And two young faces drooped, unable to meet each other's eyes. But soon Lettice went on: "At dawn, as I lay awake, it seemed as if there were voices beneath my window. I did not look: I thought it might be—"

"William sometimes rises very early," said the brother, gravely.

"It was not Lord Gowrie, for I heard them speak his name. Your hopes from King James were false! Oh, Patrick, there is danger—great danger! I have learned it all!"

"How?" And rousing himself, the young man regarded eagerly Lettice's agitated mien.

"I opened the lattice softly, and listened. When they went away, I followed stealthily to the water's edge. Patrick, they said that on the night but one after this, they will return and seize you in the King's name: Fly—fly! Do not let me lose forever both my brothers!"

And she caught his hands as in her childhood she used to do, when beseeching him to do for her sake many things which, from dreamy listlessness, he never would have done for his own.

"What must I do, Lettice—I, who know nothing of the world? Why did you not tell all this to William?"

"I—tell William?" She blushed scarlet and seemed struggling with deep emotion.

"Oh, true—true!" Patrick said, and there seemed a faint waking up in his passionless features. "No matter; I will at once go and tell my brother."

Lettice sat down to wait his return. All her manner was—Oh, William! poor William! at last to her whose whole future was at stake! I dare not be your wife, not loving you as a wife ought."

"It is quite true, then, you do not love me?" the young Earl muttered. But he was no other answer than a sad silence. After a while he broke out again, bitterly—"Either I have madly deceived myself, or you have deceived me. Why did you blush and tremble when we met last night? Why, before we met, did I see you gazing so longingly, so passionately, on the way I should have come? Was that look false, too?"

Lettice rose up from her knees, her face and neck incarnadine.

"My Lord of Gowrie, though you have honored me, and I am grateful, you have no right—"

"I have a right—that of one whose whole life you have withered; whom you have first struck blind, and then driven mad for love! Mistress Lettice—I—"

In speaking her name, his anger seemed to dispense and crumble away, even as the light touch shivers the molten glass. When again he said "Lettice," it was in a tone so humble, so heartbroken, that, hearing it, she, like a very woman, forgot and forgave all.

"I never did you wrong, William: I never deceived you loved me. In truth, I never dreamed of love at all, until—"

"Go on."

"I cannot—I cannot!" Again silence, again bitter tears.

After awhile Lord Gowrie came to her side, so changed, he might have lived years in that brief hour.

"And wherefore did you return?" Mechanical were the questions and replies, as though both spoke at random.

"Why did I return?"

"Yes—to danger. I had forgotten all that. Oh, Patrick, how shall we save you? Why did you not sail with William, if he has sailed?"

"He has! There was a passage for one only—his life was most precious—he is my elder brother, so I persuaded him to go on board; and then—I left him."

"Patrick—Patrick!" Unconsciously she looked up at him in her old childish, loving way, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Are you glad, Lettice?"

"Glad, because you have done a noble thing. But if through this you should be discovered and taken; if I—that is—we all—should lose you—Hush!" That instant her quick ear, sharpened with terror, heard down the river the sound of oars. "They are coming—those men I saw last night—they will have brought the King's warrant that I heard them speak of. It is too late. Oh, would that you at least had been saved!"

"I, and not William?" His words spoke grave reproach, but his looks belied his tone.

"I think not of William now. Why did he go and leave you to perish? But I will not leave you; Patrick, I will die with you—I—"

"Lettice!" He began to tremble, he took her hand and looked questioningly into her eyes.—There seemed a doubt suddenly parting off from his mind, so that all was light and day—ay, even though never every minute came the distant sounds which warned him of his danger.

"Hark! they are close upon us;" said Lettice, in an agonized whisper. "They will search the house through: what must be done?"

"I know not," answered Patrick, dreamily.

"But I know: come—come!"

She drew him cautiously into a hazel thicket close by, which, lying deep in shadow, furnished a safe hiding-place. Thinking a moment, she took off her black mantle, and wrapped it over Patrick's light doublet might not be seen through the boughs.

"We may escape them," she said; "we two have hidden here many a time when we were children."

"Ah, Lettice!" he sighed, "we were happy then! Even now, if William had not loved you—"

"Hush! they are landing; I hear their steps—keep close." She made him kneel so that her dress might hide him, and, as fearing that his fair flaxen curls might catch some stray moonbeam, she put her hands upon his hair.

Footsteps came nearer and nearer—life or death was in each tread. The terrified voice of David Calderwood was heard declaring that, hours since, the Scottish brothers had fled; and still the only answer was, "Search—search!"

In their agony the two young creatures—they were both so young!—knew almost by instinct; and Patrick's arms were wrapped round Lettice, as they used to be when she was a child. He whispered, "If I die, Lettice, love me!"

She pressed her cold lips upon his forehead, and that was the only vow which passed between them. The officers began to search the garden. David Calderwood followed, urging his feeble age as a plea for mercy. "Good Sirs, ye will no harm ye 'll no find as thing alive, save my pair bairn. If see he she is in his still. Lettice—Lettice, what are ye gaze?" cried the old man piteously.

"Go to your father—go!" murmured Patrick; but she was dead to all voices save his one.

"I'll help ye to seek in like bush and brake, if only to find my pair lassie; and I pray our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth—"

Our sovereign lady King James of England and Scotland; that's the prayer now—no treason, old man," said one of the officers, giving him a buffet which made poor Davie stagger. Patrick Ruthven saw and started in his hiding-place.

"An owl in the bushes—Hollo there!" shouted the men.

Patrick and Lettice scarcely breathed. In her frenzy she clasped her arms passionately round his neck; her eyes, stretched out into the dark, fixed fire; she felt that she had the only a weapon at hand, she would have committed murder to save him. Vain—vain—all vain!

A crash in the bushes, a rough hand on Patrick's breast—"Ho! prisoners in the King's name!"

He was taken at last.

Whether she wept, or shrieked, or prayed, whether they took any farewell of one another or no, Lettice never remembered. All that remained in her memory after that awful moment was one sight—a boat gliding down the river in the moonlight; and one sound, of words which Patrick had contrived to whisper, "The Tower—remember the Tower!"

Lettice lay insensible for many hours. For her there were no farewells—when she awoke, the two brothers were gone. She found on her neck a golden chain, and on her finger a ring, the only tokens of the last passionate embraces which William had lavished on her, whom he now considered his betrothed, and which she then felt no more than one dead. But when they told her all this, she flung away the ring and chain, and prayed Heaven that she might die before ever Lord Gowrie came to claim her vows.

## Miscellaneous.

### COTTON—FACTS IN HISTORY.

[illegible]

In 1730, Mr. Wyatt first spun yarn cotton by machinery.

In 1750, on the [illegible] of November, the [illegible] a paper of cotton seed, by Mr. Philip Miller, of Chelsea, England, which reached Georgia in March, 1734.

In 1756, the first cotton was sent to Holland, by the Dutch colony of Surinam, in South America.

In 1761, raw cotton imports into England, amounted to 1,300,000 pounds.

In 1762, at Birmingham, England, the first cotton spinning mill was built; its motive power was mules or horses.

In 1769, only £200,000 was the entire value of manufactured cotton goods in England.

In 1781, Arkwright, (afterwards knighted,) obtained the first patent for his spinning-frame.

In 1767, the spinning jenny was invented by James Hargreaves, which spun eight threads instead of one. Raw cotton imports, this year, were about 4,000,000 pounds.

In 1774, a law prohibiting the exportation of machinery employed in the manufacture of cotton, received the royal assent of England. Five years after, the mule jenny was invented.

In 1781, Ireland first exported cotton goods into England, having sent over 209 pounds of raw cotton, mixtures of cotton and manufactures, to the value of £157, and 17,380 pairs cotton stockings.

In 1782, England received her first cotton from Brazil. The same year, England received 11,[illegible] pounds imports, and exported [illegible] pounds, making down the quantity manufactured at 11,000,000.

In 1785, Rev. Mr. Cartwright invented the power-loom. The same year, Watt's steam engines were first introduced as the motive power in driving machinery in cotton manufactories.—The following year, chlorine was first used for bleaching.

In 1787, the first cotton-spinning machinery was set up in France.

In 1789, short staple cotton began to be cultivated in the South, and Sea Island cotton first introduced here.

In 1790, at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, Mr. Slater erected a cotton mill—the first in America.

In 1792, Eli Whitney, of New Haven, Conn., then residing in Georgia, invented his first cotton-gin.

In 1798, Switzerland introduced cotton mills. The United States exported this year 9,300,000 pounds to England, prices in England from 22d. to 28d.; in America 30 cts. American exports amounted to $2,097,000.

In 1808, New Hampshire built her first cotton factory. Two years after, the first power-loom was introduced into the United States, at Waltham, Mass.

In 1822, first cotton factory erected in Lowell, Mass. The following year, Egypt first exported cotton to England.

In 1826, Roberts, in England, invented his self-acting mule spinner.

In the meantime, from £200,000, the value of cotton manufactures in England in 1760, it increased, in little more than half a century, to over £34,000,000.

In 1841, the Eastern States had invested, in cotton manufactures, a capital of $40,612,984.

On some future occasion, I will bring up the last ten years, and give a short history of the progress of manufactures in the Southern States.—*N. O. Delta.*

### STEEL PENS.

The following interesting particulars are from the London Builder:

Steel pens are almost entirely manufactured by women and young girls; and it is probable that out of the two thousand persons or upwards now engaged in the business, not above one hundred or one hundred and fifty are of the male sex. The manufacture of penholders and penboxes, gives employment to an additional number of women and children, variously estimated from two hundred to four hundred persons.

About the year 1820 or 1821, the first gross of "three-slit" steel pens were sold, wholesale, at the rate of £7 4s. the gross. In 1830, they had fallen to 8s., and in 1832, to 6s. the gross. A better article is now sold for 6d. per gross. One factory alone in Birmingham produces them at the rate of no less than 40,000 gross, or 5,760,000 in a week—very nearly a million, or 960,000 per working day, or 289,528,000 per annum. At the very lowest calculation, Birmingham produces one thousand millions per annum. The cheapest pens are sold as low as 2d per gross, wholesale; and the price rises, with the elasticity and finish of the pens, up to 5s. 6d. and 6s. per gross.

Birmingham produces them all, and one establishment has the distinctive mark of five hundred different devices in all parts of the country, as well as on the continent of Europe and America, for whom he manufactures according to order.

The sheets of steel received from Sheffield are reduced to the required tenuity by successive transits through the rolling mill operations, tended by men and boys. Then reduced to the thinness of a steel pen, length about two feet, breadth two and a-half to three inches, the sheets are ready for punching out the blanks. This process is performed with very great rapidity—one girl of average industry and dexterity being able to punch out about one hundred gross a day.

The next operation is to place the blanks in a concave die, on which a slight touch from a convex punch, produces the required shape, that of the semi-tube. The slits and apertures to increase the elasticy and the maker's or vender's name or mark, are produced by a similar tool. Previously, however, the pen undergoes a variety of other processes. When complete all but the slit, it is soft and pliable, and may be bent or twisted in the hands like a piece of thin lead. Being collected in "grosses," or "great-grosses," the pens are thrown into little square iron boxes by tens, and placed in a furnace, where they remain till box and pen are of a white heat. They are then taken out and thrown blazing hot into pails or tanks of oil, when they may be broken like so many wafers; after draining, they are made to revolve rapidly in a perforated cylinder.

### MARRIED AT LAST.

We clip the following from the local column of the N. Y. Sun:

Some four years since, a young man, residing in this city, formed the acquaintance of a young lady, and, after visiting her for some time, it was mutually agreed that they would be joined together in the bands of wedlock. The day was determined upon, and with anxious hearts they looked forward to the time when they should be made one. About a week before this period arrived, the young man was called upon to deplore the loss of a fond and affectionate parent—this unforeseen event rendered it necessary that the marriage day should be postponed for some months. A few weeks before this time had passed, an advantageous business engagement was proffered to the intended groom to visit California.

On consultation, the bride and her friends came to the conclusion that a second postponement of the day would prove beneficial in the end. After spending a year in San Francisco, the young man determined to settle there permanently; and, in accordance with this determination, wrote to the lady, and requested her to join him in California; at the same time naming the day for the consummation of their anxious hopes. With great joy, the lady made preparation for her departure, and, in course of time, reached California. Imagine her sorrow, on arriving there, to find her intended husband lying at the point of death, from an attack of brain fever. Months passed by, and, through the Providence of God, the sick man was sufficiently restored to be enabled, by the advice of the medical attendant, to return to the United States.

Once more the bridal day was named, and, with joyful hearts, the lovers started for home, deeming it advisable not to be united until they should reach New York. On reaching Panama, the hero of our tale was attacked with the Chagres Fever. After months of delay there, he again recovered sufficiently to resume his journey to this city—not, however, until the fifth appointed time had passed by. Yesterday afternoon the lovers were united in one of the up-town churches.

☞ The population of California is estimated from the data so far obtained, at 514,000, of whom 100,000 were engaged in mining during the past year. This will entitle California to three representatives in the United States House of Representatives.

### THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Royal Commissioners have issued a programme of the grand ceremony of opening the Exhibition. The Majesty will arrive at the building at 12 o'clock. [illegible] "God Save the Queen." Prince Albert will then read a report of the proceedings of the Commissioners, to which the Queen will return a gracious answer. An address will then be read on behalf of the foreign exhibitors [illegible] at the Exhibition, and the Queen will return a gracious answer. The Archbishop of Canterbury, will then invoke a blessing upon the undertaking, and the choir will sing an anthem. A royal procession will then be formed, and proceed the entire length of the building, returning to the transept, where the Queen will resume her place on the platform, and declare "the exhibition opened." Trumpets will be sounded within the building, a grand salute will be fired [illegible] the Serpentine, the Queen will return to Buckingham Palace, and from that hour thousands of persons will be permitted to roam over the Crystal Palace, and enjoy the wonderful World's Fair!

At the above opening, exhibitors' attendants, and holders of season tickets will be present.

Among the articles to be seen at the Exhibition, will be the famous East India diamond, of which we have heard so much. In a prominent position in the nave, the "Koh-i-noor" is to be placed, the Queen having consented to allow the whole world to see the far-famed "mountain of light." Extraordinary precautions are to be taken for its safety, yet of such a kind, that the curiosity of the public with reference to this most precious of all precious stones will not go ungratified.

The American articles are all classified, and are well located and arranged upon slightly raised platforms, or counters and shelves covered with calico or cloth. Englishmen remark that the Americans exhibit useful rather than ornamental articles. The London News says: "It may be said of the American display generally, that it is evidently the production of a new country, where the useful arts are yet more in request than the ornamental." Of the manufactured cotton, in prints, it says: "Though they are very creditable evidences of the progress of American manufactures, our friends on the other side of the Atlantic will pardon us for saying that they are not of that high class of goods—especially the prints—that our Manchester manufacturers need fear their competition, at least for the present." From the list of articles enumerated, the contribution is very meagre, and the show of American articles will scarcely be equal to the Annual Exhibitions at State Fairs and Franklin Institute.

The beautifully finished statue of the Greek Slave, by Powers, now the property of Mr. Grant, an English gentleman, is exhibited in the American department of the Crystal Palace.

The price of a single season ticket has been raised from three guineas to four guineas, and a further advance is threatened.

An "Auxiliary Exhibition" has been opened in Regent Street, on a large scale, where duplicates of the same articles which are in the Crystal Palace, will be exhibited, and offered for sale.

The French exhibitors have a greater number of packages in the Exhibition than any other nation. When the American exhibitors had their goods arranged, they turned in and assisted their French neighbors.

AN AMERICAN GRACE DARLING.—The New York Sunday Messenger notices a young, intelligent, and interesting woman, residing within sixty miles of New York, who has, with the assistance of an aged and infirm father, saved twenty-one lives within the last fifteen years. The following particulars are given:—

"Kate Moore is the daughter of Captain Moore, who keeps the Light-House on Fairweather Island, situated midway between the harbors of Black Rock and Bridgeport, Connecticut. The island contains about five acres of land, and is about half a mile from the shore. Many disasters, it is known, have occurred to vessels driven round Nesteck Point in a storm, and sometimes in the Sound to homeward bound, and this lady's ear is so accurate, it is said she can distinguish the shrieks of the drowning mariner, and direct her barque in the darkest night. She can trim a boat, and manage as well as any man, and seems to make up in tact, what she lacks in strength, and never refuses to turn out at the [illegible] of the sufferers. Our informant adds that she is a highly accomplished and literary lady, and perfectly feminine in her manners, and that, although she occasionally visits New York, and other places in that vicinity, and has a large and most respectable acquaintance, many of whom know of these facts, they have never come to the knowledge of the public before. The late lamented Major Noah, who was remarkable for collecting the most interesting facts, by some means became acquainted with them. We also understand that Captain Moore and his worthy helpmate have resided upon the island over twenty years, and brought up a family of five children, upon a salary of $300 a year, all of whom have an excellent education, and that they entertain a great many persons who visit the island, with true, old-fashioned hospitality."

## Clippings.

☞ Water is nourishing. All you have to do is to put it in a pot over the fire, drop in a beef bone, rice, a few potatoes, and a little salt.—Among the hungry people this is called the *water cure*.

☞ "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed? What is your verdict?" "We find the prisoner not guilty, if he will leave town!"

☞ An idle fellow the other day complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behindhand. He believed it would have been an hundred dollars in his pocket, if he had not been born at all.

☞ "I recollect," says Mr. Croker, in his "Researches in the South of Ireland," "once trying to convince a peasant that he might, with very little trouble, improve the state of his cabin, by building a shed for his pig, and banishing him the chimney corner; but he coolly answered,—'Sure, then, and who has a better right to be in it? Isn't he the man of the house; and isn't it he that will pay the rint?'"

☞ "Short calls are the best," as the fly said when he lit on the stove-pipe.

☞ Quite a reform has recently taken place in the vicinity of the Five Points, New York.—About twelve hundred persons have joined the Temperance Society, of whom at least eight hundred were drunkards. Nearly two hundred children of the poor and wretched have been gathered into a day school, from the streets and hovels, gratuitously taught, and many of them fed and clothed.

☞ Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know to the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

☞ The Boston Post, says a correspondent, thinks that, instead of lighting Minot's Ledge by a gas pipe running from the shore, it would be more practicable to catch a sperm whale, stuff him with cotton wick, bolt him to the rock, set fire to him, and let him burn. The writer thinks he would last in an inflammable state ten years!

☞ A Western critic records the following astonishing effects produced by Jenny Lind's Echo song on one of the "milky mothers of the herd." On the last occasion of that song being sung in the town alluded to, a venerable cow, disturbed from a pensive revery in the Court-house yard by the delicious melody of Jenny's call, "Come Kine," immediately obeyed the summons by bellowing forth a responsive "I'm a coming." On inquiry, the writer says he learns, it appears that the maternal grandmother of this cow was imported stock, and that in the early part of her own life, she was fed on Swedish turnips.

☞ Before leaving Troy, King Menelaus offered his daughter as a victim to the gods, in order to win propitious breezes for the voyage home. We are reminded of this in modern society, when we hear of some match-making parent sacrificing his daughter to "raise the wind."

☞ Mosquitoes are very small insects, but one has been known to move a man weighing two hundred pounds, and keep him moving all night.

☞ A female writer says:—"Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which *need darning* look much worse than darned ones.

☞ One of the best puns which we have ever seen is in a note to Mrs. Child's Biography of Madame de Stael. The *feet* of this celebrated lady are said to have been particularly clumsy.—On one occasion she represented a statue, the features of which were concealed. A gentleman being asked to guess who the statue was, glanced at the block of marble in which she stood, and answered, "*Je vois le pied de Stael*" —(le piedestal).


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA: SATURDAY, MAY [illegible], 1851.


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### OUR NOVELETS.

Next week we shall conclude the story begun in the present paper, called TRUE LOVE; OR, THE LAST OF THE RUTHVENS." We may remark in passing, that we think this story written with much power and pathos—especially the concluding portion of it. It is not a common "cut and dried" love story by any means.

The week after next we design commencing the Original Novelet of

**THE TEXAN HUNTRESS; OR, THE ENTHUSIAST'S DREAM.**

BY C. W. WEBBER,

Author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

This story is founded on one of Mr. Webber's experiences in the wilds of Texas. We expect to complete it in two or three numbers.

### SECESSION.

The Convention of the numerous State Rights Associations in South Carolina, recently held in Charleston, was attended by between four and five hundred Delegates. The members were quite enthusiastic, and nearly unanimous for prompt action. The resolutions were adopted with great unanimity, and were for speedy secession, with or without the co-operation of other States. The State Convention was advised to begin the movement as early as possible, and it was thought that by the first of February next, a declaration should be issued to inform the "rest of mankind" that South Carolina had taken her position as a "free and independent" Commonwealth. Nine distinguished Delegates were then appointed a Central Committee, and the "Convention adjourned *sine die*, with a prayer" —the deliberations being characterized, according to the telegraphic reports, by "the greatest decorum and dignity."

Three of the speakers, Messrs. Butler, Orr and Barnwell, appeared to favor more moderate counsels; and a letter was read from Langdon Cheves, also deprecating separate State action; but as is usually the case in popular assemblages, radical and extreme views were greatly in the ascendancy.

We also have advices from Washington, stating that the Government is not seriously alarmed by these demonstrations. That the Administration will take no notice of South Carolina as a State, but will confine its operations entirely to individuals. That so long as secession remains simply an abstraction, it will not be touched.—But that if the laws of the United States, and its officers, are forcibly interfered with, the Government will use its power, to the utmost, if necessary, to enforce the former, and to protect the latter. The District Attorney of South Carolina is said to have recently visited Washington, for the purpose of receiving full instructions.

On the other hand, the leaders of the South Carolina movement, it is averred, contemplate to commence their proceedings for secession during the meeting of Congress, trusting for sufficient sympathy in that body to prevent the passage of any severe laws against them, and even to fetter the President in the use of such power as he already legally possesses. This certainly is an adroit move, and one which may be followed up perhaps, for a time, with considerable success.

So far as we have means of knowing the sentiments of the great mass of the Northern and Western people upon this subject, a very general desire exists that the game of Secession should be now played out. Of course, there are a number of timid gentlemen who are always for "putting off the evil day," but we do not think these represent the "bone and sinew," the sturdy, courageous heart of the North and West. While we think there is very little ill-feeling against our South Carolina brethren, there is a growing desire to see, as a worthy gentleman once expressed it, "the crisis brought to a focus," that we may know what will come of it—a desire to know the worst; to have the strength of the Union tested once for all, now and forever. We may be mistaken in this estimate of Northern and Western public opinion, but such is our present impression of its character.

For our own part, "we have been led" (as our Quaker friends say,) of late, to contemplate with more aversion than formerly, any resort to the law of violence, especially against our brethren. If the matter was left to our decision, therefore, we think South Carolina would be allowed to secede from the Union as soon as she chose, and test, at her pleasure, this matter of separate sovereignty. We also think the result of such a course would be, that ten years would not elapse before she would be an applicant for re-admission, permanently cured of the "comeouterism" with which she has been so long afflicted. But we have little hope—none at all, in fact—of such peaceable views commending themselves at the present time to any large portion of the people of this country. We look upon it as inevitable, that any attempt at secession, will be met by the strong arm of the rest of the Union, and that such a movement would be ultimately repressed at any cost of blood and treasure. Because we believe this; because we know that our own feelings and judgment less than one year ago, would have counselled this; and because we are conscious that in that old feeling and judgment we represented, more than now, the feeling and judgment of the great majority of the American people; we would conjure the people of South Carolina—if our words would be listened to—to abandon an enterprise that, in all human probability, can never succeed, even if its success were desirable. But the time has past, if we are not mistaken, for such appeals to have the least effect; "revolutions do not move backwards," but go on to victory or to utter ruin. Therefore we believe this secession movement must (unless there is some unexpected change in the position of affairs,) in the very nature and constitution of things, before many years now, come to a head—the sooner, perhaps, the better, for all parties—and be decided one way or the other. What that result will be, putting all questions of right and justice aside, it needs, we think, but a slate and pencil, without even the aid of a "ready reckoner," to determine.

### THE HILLOTYPE.

We are informed that as soon as the patents for this invention have been secured as far as possible in Europe, measures will be taken to bring it before the people of this country, in a mode that will extend the advantages of it to every worthy Daguerreotypist in the Union, upon the payment of a moderate and reasonable compensation. Mr. Hill is, we are informed, very desirous that while he realizes what he has a right to expect from the success of such an important invention, it shall not operate so as to injure the thousands who now have all their earthly means invested in the Daguerreotype business. And for this desire on his part to protect his fellow artists from loss, we highly respect him. The "am I my brother's keeper" policy, which is so common in the world, is only fit to be pursued by the spiritual descendants of Cain.

IS A DOG PROPERTY?—It has recently been decided by Judge Hill, of Buffalo, in opposition to a long line of precedents, that a dog can be the subject of a larceny—having an intrinsic value. This is considered a great triumph of the dogs over the sausage makers.

### THE LAST DANGER.

The last peril to the Union results from a speech made by Sir Henry Bulwer, in New York, in which he alluded to the well known fact that the Celts of old did not wear breeches.

Some of our Irish fellow citizens in that city took this remark in high dudgeon, held an indignation meeting, and drew up a memorial to President Fillmore, asking him to take measures to have Sir Henry recalled. Among other matters, they adopted the following:

[illegible]

Everything, now-a-days, puts "the Union in danger"—it is the fashionable political epidemic. If, as some people think, the Union is so very weakly that its existence is imperilled by the after-dinner speech of an English ambassador, or some other equally potent influence, the sooner it is put out of its misery the better. If the Constitution is so alarmingly feeble, it is hardly worth the trouble of preserving. But we are of a somewhat different opinion. We believe that no cut, with its nine lives, has a hold on existence like this same Union. And therefore the perpetual outcry of certain politicians to keep it safely ensconced from a cold blast from this direction, or a hot one from that, seems to us rather amusing. That ship is not fit to sail in, which is liable to go to pieces, however her timbers may creak and groan, in every squall of bad weather.

As to the Celts, we think our Irish friends were a little too hasty in taking up the quarrel for the whole tribe. We, ourselves, have no small share of Celtic blood in our veins, tempered, we trust, a little, by that of the Northmen of old—and we claim our share in any proceedings to properly resent an insult to our ancestors. But we look at the matter in a different light. We glory in the fact that our forefathers wore no breeches—for it is a type of the great advance the race has made since that early age. And as to that, why Adam, in his highest estate, wore not even a pretence for breeches. We say, therefore, we see no insult in Sir Henry's remark, especially as he is himself of Celtic descent—and trust our Irish friends, instead of sending him home "with a flea in his ear," will send him a handsome pair of new breeches, with the following inscription:

> We send these breeches to repay that fear—
> Let there no *breeches* be 'twixt you and us.

### PHILADELPHIA ENGINES.

Some time since we gave an account of the performance of one of the Philadelphia Engines, which we thought could not be readily beaten—the Diligent having played one hundred and forty feet high through a 1¼ inch nozzle—and stated that when this was surpassed, the Philadelphians would try again. A correspondent now sends us an account of some recent playing at Charleston, South Carolina, with a few remarks that convey the implication that we Philadelphians are beaten. The account is from the Daily Sun of that city, and is as follows:

The following table shows the distance played by the different Fire Companies, at the Annual Parade on Monday last, (from the end of nozzle.)

*Engines built by J. Agnew, of Philadelphia.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Eagle, | 2nd class | 160 feet. |
| Vigilant, | 1st " | 165½ " |
| Phœnix, | 2nd " | 171 " |
| Charleston, | 2nd " | 158¼ " |
| German, | 1st " | 146 " |

*Engines built by Hunneman & Co., Boston.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ætna, | 1st class | 165 feet. |
| Marion, | 2nd " | 137½ " |
| Palmetto, | 2nd " | 139¾ " |
| Washington, | 1st " | 149 " |

*Engine built by Rogers & Co., Baltimore.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Hope, | 131¼ feet. |

The Phœnix is singled out from the above by our correspondent, as the "crack" engine.

Our correspondent, in the first place, must pardon us for observing that we did not mean to include in our challenge, any Philadelphia-built engine. Of course engines can be built in this city for other cities, quite equal to those in service here. But we simply meant to throw down the gauntlet in a civil, pleasant way, to the productions in this line of other places. And the superiority of the Philadelphia engines is shown very clearly by this very trial in Charleston, as any one can see upon an examination of the above table.

But our Charleston correspondent is wrong, we think, in supposing that to play horizontally as the Phœnix did, 171 feet out of a ⅞ inch nozzle, is equal to the feat we recorded of an almost perpendicular stream of 140 feet out of a 1¼ inch nozzle. The Diligent and other engines of this city have often played, we are informed, 180 feet horizontally—which surpasses the best Charleston play (to say nothing of the difference in volume of water) some 9 feet. We believe it is generally admitted that an engine will commonly play about 50 feet further in a horizontal than in a perpendicular direction.

But, since the playing of the Diligent, Philadelphia has done still better. A new engine, built by Agnew for a Brooklyn company, has played 152 feet high, out of a 1¼ inch nozzle—the greatest performance, we are inclined to believe, ever made by an engine in this country.

In this state of the case, we must confess we see no necessity at present for our firemen to try again.

### THE CUBAN INVASION.

The invasion appears to have been given up for the present, and the parties have returned to their homes. Those assembled at New Orleans found fault with the bungling manner in which affairs had been transacted in the Atlantic cities; and the seizure of the Cleopatra, at New York, is said to have rendered the gathering at Jacksonville, Florida, of no avail. As the great probability is that the Cleopatra would have gone to the bottom before she reached Cuba, we think our Jacksonville friends have cause to congratulate themselves that Uncle Sam was so wide awake.

The New York Herald says that the authorities in that city, are in possession of conclusive evidence respecting the intended invasion. Four books have been seized, which, it is said, contain proofs of the military expedition, with notes of the arrangements of the companies, and with the names of seven hundred men enlisted for the invasion. It is to be supposed that this was only the Northern detachment of the invaders.

The Jacksonville portion of the expedition, it is stated, was to have been commanded by Gen. Gonzales, a young Cuban who was wounded in the Cardenas affair. It comprised several hundred Georgians and Floridians, many of them young men of respectability and influence, and some of fortune. One account says that, in case of success, they did not propose annexation to the United States, but separate independence; and as soon as that was won, they desired to conquer Hayti, Porto Rico, &c., and have a "Republic of the Antilles." A plan much easier projected than consummated, in our opinion.

From Cuba we have a statement that, in addition to the execution of the young man who attempted to bribe two pilots, four or five political arrests had been made, and four priests sent to Spain for speaking too freely about the proposed revolution. It is also stated that another priest had been thrown into a dungeon for having sent money to Lopez, and for secreting a large quantity of arms in his house.

### BEING BUILT.

About the best argument we have yet seen against the use of the phrase *being built*, instead of the old phrase *building*, is contained in the following dialogue, which is going the rounds of the papers. It shows that the phrase *being built* may be used in the same sentence to signify both the state of completion and that of incompletion:

*Old Gent.*—Are there any houses building in your village?

*Young Lady.*—No, sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the carpenters who are building.

*O. G.*—True—I sit corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from being built; and how long has Mr. Smith's house been being built?

*Y. L.*—(Looks puzzled a moment, and then answers rather abruptly.) Nearly a year.

*O. G.*—How much longer do you think it will be being built?

*Y. L.*—(Explosively.) I don't know.

*O. G.*—I should think Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being so long being built; for the house he now occupies being old, he must leave it; and the new one being only *being built*, instead of *being built* as he expected, he cannot—

(The young lady leaves the room very suddenly.)

### COMPLIMENTARY.

The recent Convention in Charleston, South Carolina, issued an Address to the State Rights Associations of other States, in which they chronicle as one of the results of Northern aggression, "*the lowering of the free white population of the South to the same level with that agrarian rabble, which, already strong and dangerous, some destined, before very long, to be the controlling power, in the Northern States.*"

### BARNUM AND BOSTON.

Barnum and Boston appear to be at outs.—"There will be no disturbance," said Barnum at the sale of tickets in Cincinnati—"I never had any disturbance at my concerts except at Boston, and I defy any body to keep order in that place city." To which a Boston paper replies that "the Bostonians are not fond of paying for tickets without places."

### FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important item of the late news from Europe, is the progressive decline in cotton. The steamer which arrived at New York on the 11th, brought advices of another fall of ⅛d. [illegible]

The English Parliament was beginning to [illegible] the [illegible] Ministry, and a [illegible] by an Austrian in London, at which the Duke of Richmond presided.

The American [illegible] in that country. The [illegible] of one person to [illegible] of the poor-house or emigration.

Lord Palmerston has [illegible] the French and Austrian [illegible]

It is stated that the Papal Government, dreading a new revolution, is now placing funds in the hands of Dutch, English and American bankers, to provide against the evil day. Such is the distrust of the Pope towards his subjects, it is stated, that whenever he receives any person out of his immediate circle, he holds in his hand, with as much concealment as possible, the cord of a bell, which is answered in three different places where guards and domestics are concealed.

In France the Presidential election is now the all absorbing topic. The various parties are mustering their forces for the contest. The Republicans are still divided as to their candidate. The moderate parties are for supporting General Cavaignac, but the ultras desire to represent the Social as well as the Democratic Republic.

The Socialists in Paris, according to a correspondent of the London Times, have frequent secret reviews of the force at their disposal, as also frequent secret councils. The revolutionists of St. Denis, of Montmartre, of Batignolles, and La Chapelle, do not conceal the fact of their being ready for the attack, and of their only awaiting the signal of the [illegible] Assembly. It is evident that a new attempt at revolution is thought not an improbable event by Austria, as she has requested leave of the Cabinet of Turin to march 30,000 men through Piedmont in case of need. A secret treaty between Austria and Prussia is said to have been formed, to protect Europe against any further outbreaks of the Republican or Socialist spirit in France.

An intrigue is believed to be on foot in Austria to place Prince Metternich again at the head of affairs.

The Austrian Minister has withdrawn from Constantinople, and there is a diplomatic quarrel. The Sultan has sent to Austria a bill for maintaining and guarding the Hungarian prisoners, and he complains that the Austrians fomented the Bosnian rebellion. A Prussian paper says:

"The affair of the refugees of Kutaya may be considered as good as settled. The ambassadors of France and England had received positive instructions from their respective governments, in consequence of which they have sent a joint note to the Porte, contesting the right of that power to detain the refugees as prisoners. The Porte has accordingly decided upon terminating this affair, and Cherif Effendi has received orders to leave Vienna unless Prince Schwartzenberg shall accede to the demand of Turkey."

This is almost too good to be true. By the way, we perceive that one of the Hungarians who embraced Islamism, has attempted to commit suicide, owing to remorse for his foolish and wicked act.

### THE RAPPERS.

A telegraphic communication from Providence, R. I., dated May 6th, says:

The young girl, Almira Beazley, aged 16, was examined this morning, on the charge of poisoning her brother, only 15 months old, by giving him arsenic. One witness put upon the stand, testified that the accused confessed to her that she gave arsenic to both the boy and her little sister; that the poisoner was a professed medium of Spiritual Rappings; that she bought the poison with money obtained of those who came to witness the Spiritual Rappings, and that her mind had not been right since she became such a medium. She was fully committed for trial on the charge of murder.

If these "mediums" really do, as they say, communicate with spirits, the great weight of the evidence, so far, goes to prove that they are wicked ones. The above case falls like a piece of lead into the scale, against all such real or pretended endeavors to penetrate the great mystery of the after-world.

We may add to the above, that recently, at Cleveland, a lecturer on this subject made the following statement:

When Professor [illegible] went to [illegible] these manifestations in Rochester or Auburn, I forget which, he endeavored to obtain certain indications of intelligence which he knew to be beyond the power of one mind in a hundred thousand to give. He called for the spirit of La Place, the celebrated mathematician and astronomer, and directly the spirit responded to his call.

Now, said Professor Mitchell, if you are the spirit of La Place, you can demonstrate a problem to me in such a book of your "*Mechanic Celeste.*" The spirit responded by giving him the desired demonstration—a demonstration which he knew no person about him could ever understand, after it was given. He took down the demonstration, not being certain that was the particular problem called for, and when he returned home, he compared it with the work itself, and found the demonstration true.

Here was an exhibition of intelligence, not only above the highest developments of occasion, but even emanating in the highest sphere of intellectual development of mind while in the body; and Professor Mitchell was satisfied, with that single experiment, of the highly intellectual source from which those sounds proceeded.

Now, that looks very plausible, until we learn, as we do, from Mr. Oist, of the "Cincinnati Enquirer," that he is authorized by Professor Mitchell to pronounce the whole statement, so far as that gentleman is referred to, a sheer fabrication.

### THE PANTALOONS.

In an account of the Anti-Slavery Convention at Syracuse, N. Y., we find the following:

Mrs. Burleigh and the two Misses Burleighs, the wife and daughters of the poet Burleigh, entered the meeting. They were dressed in the new costume that is now being adopted by the ladies. The upper garment was close fitting, and reached to the knees. Underneath was a loose trowsers, reaching to the ancle. The feet were enclosed in buskins, and gipsy straw hats crowned all. The eyes of the meeting were immediately turned towards the ladies. They walked up leisurely through the isle, took their seats upon the platform, and entered into conversation with Abby Kelly, George Thompson, and Wm. L. Garrison.

We also notice a statement that two ladies, dressed in the Greek or Turkish fashion, have been promenading through Broadway, New York, of late, almost every day, and attracting no small degree of attention. The movement has not yet reached Philadelphia, though our citizens are awaiting it in the utmost alarm and trepidation. We wonder that our Charleston Convention friends did not insert a passage in their Address, giving as an argument for secession, this singular and almost unexampled tendency to assume the pantaloons on the part of some of the Northern ladies. We confess it is a portentous sign of the times.

### POOR LONGFELLOW.

A critic in the "American Whig Review," who has sufficient good sense not to sign his name to his criticism, denounces a volume of Longfellow's poetry "tasteless, tedious and uninteresting." He calls the "Psalm of Life" "dull and common-place enough," and says of the "Footsteps of Angels," that "nothing more insipid, lifeless, unoriginal, was ever put off for poetry." Another poem is "really pitiful and drivelling." And so our "discriminating" critic goes on—like a donkey in a flower garden, who cannot find a single specimen of his much loved thistle—stigmatising this as "the merest balderdash, having not the faintest approach to either sense or harmony," and that, as "stale, puling verbality"—this as "tasteless, tedious, and trifling—leaving the mind unimpressed but with disgust," and that, as "most excessively dull, stiff, and common-place."

It is probable that Mr. Longfellow will survive this attack—the critic, as he has not had the boldness to give his name, may possibly also survive it.

### THE THREE CENT PIECES.

This new coin has made its appearance. It is not very pretty, in our opinion; but doubtless will be very convenient. Owing to the large amount of copper in the new coin, it will probably tarnish very much, which will be an advantage instead of a disadvantage, as it will prevent its being mistaken for the five cent piece, which is about the same circumference, though thicker.

### THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Fillmore and his Cabinet passed through this city last Monday, on their way to attend the opening of the New York and Erie Railroad, at Dunkirk. They were received with all the customary honors. Mr. Webster put up at a separate hotel.

FATHER TAYLOR.—This old and eloquent minister is reported to have recently said, "I shall not consent to die by inches; I shall keep up a full pressure of sail, and, when I *do* go, make one and quick work of it." He still preaches with all the ardor and earnestness of his youth.

### A RARE CHANCE.

The publisher of the N. Y. Tribune recently received the following letter from a youthful genius offering his services as an assistant editor. The "Tribune" having declined the offer, [illegible] of course, [illegible] to the office of the "Saturday Evening Post." [illegible]

NEW YORK, [illegible] 1851.

MR. EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE,—[illegible] I am at home in blank verse and rhyme. I give you a specimen at the end of this letter.

My politics is of the Jeffersonian democracy, the greatest good to the greatest number. You will address X. Z. at ——'s Hotel stating terms, then I will give you my real name, at the interview. X. Z.

SPECIMENS OF MY POETRY.

*Extract from an Ode on 4th July.*

> Lift high and wave the spangled banner
> Let centuries roar with awful clamor
> Let ev'ry voice unto'd by beings human
> Shout aloud E pluribus unum.

BLANK VERSE.

*Extract.*

> I was lonely seated on a rock amid
> The ocean's briny—I spied up aloft
> Rock in the stormy waste a Falcon bold.
> To the bird whose sooner there, I said,
> The Falcon did answer with a
> Thundering scream that made
> Great mount Olympus shake with
> Fear and dread. "Mortal!
> Come from the west."

### LUXURY AND POVERTY.

We clip the following from a contemporary:

LUXURY IS HEALTHY, AFTER ALL.—We have been so long, says the Home Journal, taught that wines, late hours, rich food, bed of down and couch, were the destroyers of human life, that the following statistics rather stagger us. A foreign correspondent of the Tribune says—Professor Casper, of Berlin, has been drawing up tables of the comparative longevity of the various social ranks, and it results from his statistics that the average length of life among the rich and aristocratic is double that of the poor.

It does not follow because luxury is less injurious to health than extreme poverty, that the former does not weaken the constitution and shorten life. Who ever contended that poverty and its attendants, scanty fare, ill-ventilated houses, insufficient clothing, and excessive toil, was the right life for a man to lead? But neither is the other extreme the right life, or the most favorable to health. Temperance—in labor, in food, in drink, in clothing—a careful avoidance of extremes in the use of proper things, is the true state in which every man should live; and compared with men that live in this way, luxurious livers will be found not to be healthy. It is important for youthful readers, that an error like that contained in the paragraph we have quoted, should be nailed to the counter as bad coin at once.

### DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.

We call the attention of our readers in this city, and in Delaware, to the notice in our advertising columns, of a very desirable country residence being for sale within 1½ miles of Wilmington. It is just about the right size for a citizen desiring a country residence, with excellent water, fine shade, and in one of the healthiest districts in this part of the world.

### EFFECTUAL REMEDIES.

The "Albany Knickerbocker" thinks that so the only effectual remedy for snakeheads on railroads was the H rail; so the double track is the only sure preventive of collisions. It says, justly, that fining a railroad company for the rashness of an engineer, does not always make the engineer more careful—however satisfactory the money may be to the person injured.

RATHER A BULL.—Our good friends of the Ledger, in a recent editorial, said: "We may safely predict that this Union will not be dissolved peacefully, without a struggle." That such bulls do not oftener occur in articles written with the haste that editorials usually are, should be the wonder.

## New Publications.

BULWER AND FORBES ON THE WATER TREATMENT: A Compilation of Papers on the Subject of Hygiene and rational Hydropathy: Edited, with additional matter, by ROWLAND S. HOUGHTON, A. M., M. D. New and revised edition, stereotyped: with additional [illegible] New York: Fowlers & Wells, Publishers. Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau St. For sale by Zieber & Co. Philadelphia. Price, in muslin, 75 cts. Mail edition 50 cts.

This is the most interesting work on the subject that we have seen. Bulwer's letter, of which all the world has heard, is about as persuasive a piece of experience as a hydropathist could wish to put upon record. The style in which it is written of itself speaks favorably for the physical condition of the writer. It has a brisk and healthful sparkle, instead of the morbid brilliance that has usually characterized his writings. And the light, playful tone occasionally assumed, seems the overflow of that clear and buoyant spirit which only health can give. He thus hits off the great error of his own literary circle.

Here we are, Mr. Editor, in these days of cant and jargon, preaching up the education of the mind, forcing our children under mental-frames, and babbling to the laborer and mechanic, "Read, and read, and read," as if God had not given us muscles, and nerves, and bodies subjected to exquisite pains as pleasures—as if the body were not to be cared for and cultivated as well as the mind; as if health were no blessing, instead of that capital good, without which all other blessings—save the hope of health eternal—grow flat and joyless; as if the world in which we are, was not far more closely linked with our physical than our mental selves; as if we were better than maimed and imperfect men so long as our nerves are jaded and prostrate, our senses dim and heavy, our relationship with nature abridged and thwarted by the jaundiced eye, and failing limb, and trembling hand—the apothecary's shop between us and the sun! For the mind, we admit that to render it strong and clear, habit and discipline are required; how deal we (especially we, Mr. Editor, of the London World—we of the literary craft—we of the restless, striving brotherhood)—how deal we with the body? We carry it on with us, as a post-horse, from stage to stage—does it flag? no rest! give it ale or the spur. We begin to feel the frame break under us; we administer a drug, gain a temporary relief, shift the disorder from one part to another—forget our ailments in our excitements, and when we pause at last, thoroughly shattered, with complaints grown chronic, disease fastening to the organs, send for the doctors in good earnest, and die as your predecessors and your rival died, under combinations of long-neglected maladies, which could never have been known had we done for the body what we do for the mind—made it strong by discipline, and maintained it firm by habit.

Before trying the Water Cure, he appears to have tried every other means, even the following, which men of letters are so slow to adopt.

I resolutely put away books and study, sought the airs which the physicians esteemed the most healthful, and adopted the strict regimen on which all the children of Æsculapius so wisely insist. In short, I maintained the same general habits as to hours, diet, (with the exception of wine, which in moderate quantities seemed to me indispensable,) and, so far as my strength would allow, of exercise, as I found afterwards instituted at hydropathic establishments. I dwell on this to forestall in some manner the common remark of persons not well acquainted with the medical agencies of water—that it is to the regular life which water-patients lead, and not to the element itself, that they owe their recovery. Nevertheless I found that these changes, however salutary in theory, produced little, if any, practical amelioration in my health. All invalids know, perhaps, how difficult, under ordinary circumstances, is the alteration of habits from bad to good. The early rising, the walk before breakfast, so delicious in the feelings of freshness and vigor which they bestow upon the strong, often become punishments to the valetudinarian. Headache, languor, a sense of weariness over the eyes, a sinking of the whole system toward noon, which seemed imperiously to demand the dangerous aid of stimulants, was all that I obtained by the morning breeze, and the languid stroll by the sea-shore. The suspension from study only afflicted with intolerable *ennui*, and added to the profound dejection of the spirits. The brain, so long accustomed to morbid activity, was but withdrawn from its usual occupations to ravage elsewhere and chimeras. Over the pillow, vainly sought two hours before midnight, hovered no golden sleep. The absence of excitement, however unhealthy, only aggravated the symptoms of ill health.

To those who have a sad experience of their own realizing this description, the account of his cure is like a strong voice of hope.

The next thing that struck me was the extraordinary ease with which, under this system, good habits are acquired and bad habits relinquished. The difficulty with which, under orthodox medical treatment, stimulants are abandoned, is here not witnessed. Patients accustomed for half a century to live hard and high, wine-drinkers, spirit-bibbers, whom the regular physician has sought in vain to reduce to a daily pint of sherry, here voluntarily resign all strong potations, after a day or two cease to feel the want of them, and reconcile themselves to water as if they had drunk nothing else all their lives. Others who have had recourse for years and years to medicine—their potion in the morning, their cordial at noon, their pill before dinner, their narcotic at bed-time—cease to require these aids to life, as if by a charm. Nor is this all. Men to whom mental labor has been a necessity—who have exhibited the excitement of the passions and the stir of the intellect—who have felt, these withdrawn, the prostration of the whole system—the lock to the wheel of the entire machine—cease at once

to the anxious spirits of the day in his fast holiday.

Here lies a great secret; water thus skilfully administered is in itself a wonderful excitement; it supplies the place of all others—it operates [illegible]

The safety of the system, then, struck me first; its power of repairing by healthful stimulants the morbid ones it withdraws, whether physical or moral, surprised me next; that which thirdly impressed me was no less contrary to all my preconceived notions. I had fancied that, whether good or bad, the system must be one of great hardship, extremely repugnant and disagreeable. I wondered at myself to find how soon it became so associated with pleasurable and grateful feelings as to dwell upon the mind amongst the happiest passages of existence. For my own part, despite all my ailments, or whatever may have been my cares, I have ever found exquisite pleasure in that sense of *being* which is, as it were, the consciousness of the universe of the soul. I have known hours of as much and as vivid happiness as perhaps can fall to the lot of man; but among all my most brilliant recollections I can recall no periods of enjoyment at once more hilarious and serene than the hours spent on the lonely hills of Malvern—none in which nature was so thoroughly possessed and appreciated. The rise from a sleep sound as childhood's—the impatient rush into the open air, while the sun was fresh, and the birds first sang—the sense of an unwonted strength in every limb and nerve, which made so light of the steep ascent to the holy spring—the delicious sparkle of that morning draught—the green terrace on the brow of the mountain, with the rich landscape wide and far below—the breeze that once would have been so keen and biting, but now exhilarating the blood, and lifting the spirits into religious joy; and this keen sentiment of present pleasure rounded by a hope sanctioned by all I felt in myself, and nearly all that I witnessed in others—that that very present was but the step, the threshold, into an unknown and delightful region of health and vigor—a disease and a care dropping from the frame and the heart at every stride.

But here I must pause to own that if on the one hand the danger and discomforts of the cure are greatly exaggerated (exaggerated is too weak a word)—so on the other hand, as far as my own experience, which is perhaps not inconsiderable, extends, the enthusiastic advocates of the system have greatly misrepresented the duration of the curative process. I have read and heard of chronic diseases of long standing cured permanently in a very few weeks. I candidly confess that I have seen none such. I have, it is true, witnessed many chronic diseases perfectly cured—diseases which had been pronounced incurable by the first physicians, but the cure has been long and fluctuating. Persons so afflicted, who try this system, must arm themselves with patience. The first effects of the system are indeed usually bracing, and inspire such feelings of general well-being, that some think they have only to return home, and carry out the cure partially, to recover. A great mistake—the alterative effects begin long after the bracing—a disturbance in the constitution takes place, prolonged more or less, and not till that ceases does the cure really begin. Not that the peculiar "crisis" sought for so vehemently by the German water-doctors, and usually under their hands manifested by boils and eruptions, is at all a necessary part of the cure—it is, indeed, as far as I have seen, a rare occurrence, but a critical action, not single, not confined to one period, or one series of phenomena, is at work, often undetected by the patient himself, during a considerable (and that the later) portion of the cure in most patients where the malady has been grave, and where the recovery becomes permanent. During this time the patient should be under the eye of his water-doctor.

The next paper is from the pen of Dr. Forbes, a regular physician of high standing. He thus recognizes some of the advantages of the system of Priessnitz.

1. In the first place, we remark the careful withdrawal of all stimulants from internal parts. In this hydropathy is at once distinguished from ordinary practice. The refinement of civilized life, and the complicated affairs of society, prevent the human frame from being treated entirely as a machine. The body is compelled to undergo a usage not always suitable to its welfare, in consequence of its having to minister to the mind. The exhaustion of the latter, from exertion and excitement, is restored by artificial stimuli applied to the former. These are generally directed to parts ill adapted for their reception. Thus, the stomach, constructed to digest simple food, and to admit fluid at the impulse of thirst, becomes the vehicle of conveying to the nervous system alcohol in its various forms, and other similar fluids. These are unnatural to the stomach itself, though grateful to the nerves. Consequently, the mucous lining of the alimentary canal may suffer in the attainment of an object required only by the nervous system. This is, possibly, the very origin of a portion of those manifold chronic ailments known under the terms of dyspepsia, hypochondriasis, bilious affections, etc., and is unquestionably an aggravating cause in many. To the treatment of these affections the physician brings his purgatives, his carminatives, his anodynes, his stomachics. But it is to the surface of the same unfortunate membrane that they are all applied; and it frequently results, that when they relieve temporary suffering, they often leave the general health worse than they found it. From this predicament hydropathy professes to be entirely exempt, by abstaining from artificial interference with internal mucous membranes.

2. In the next place, the hydropathists adopt a system of diet such as other practitioners seldom venture to prescribe. If a person, suffering from constipation, or any of its long train of attendant ills, applies to an ordinary physician, he is probably told scrupulously to avoid fruit, pastry, and all vegetables, except, perhaps, a favorite one, or, it may be two. He is also cautioned against the use of veal, pork, beef, and new bread. We have known such a patient ordered to live for months—we might say, years—constantly on mutton, and bread never less than five days old. This case is neither singular nor infrequent. What is the consequence of this? The patient is compelled to take aperient pills and draughts every day, or every other day; to stimulate the digestive organs (rendered torpid by the use of so monotonous a regimen,) by occasional glasses of sherry or porter; and, to compensate the deficient nutrition obtained from so barren a source, by indulgence in strong tea and coffee. Such a patient goes to a hydropathic establishment, and is straightway ushered into a *salle à manger*, in which he finds all the variety of food customary at a foreign *table-d'hôte* dinner, and is told to obey the dictates of his appetite. He does so timidly at first, and apprehensive of direful consequences; but he finds, to his astonishment, that he can take the forbidden luxuries of broccoli, turnips, veal, game, puddings, and fruit with as much impunity as the never-varied mutton and dry bread, to which he was previously restricted. This is an occurrence so frequently experienced, and so universally attested, by hydropathists and their patients, that we cannot refuse to admit it as a point attained by *their system*—therein being comprehended the water *and all its accessories and concomitants.*

3. A third important principle of hydropathic treatment is, that almost all its measures are applied to the surface. It is one of the most formidable difficulties with which the ordinary physician has to contend, that nearly all his remedies reach the point to which they are directed through one channel. If the brain requires to be placed under the influence of a sedative or a stimulant, if the muscular system demands invigorating by tonics, if the functions of organic life need correction by alteratives, the physician has no means of attaining his object except by inundating the stomach and bowels with foreign, and frequently to them pernicious, substances. In being thus made the medical doorway to all parts of the system, and so compelled to admit every description of therapeutical applicant, the organ of digestion is contorted to a purpose for which it was never intended. The consequence is, that it has to be consulted before we enter upon the treatment of any case, and it often forbids our availing ourselves of remedies, or plans of action, which are plainly, perhaps urgently, indicated by the condition of other organs, or of the system at large. Thus, to take the three cases above mentioned: how often do we find that one stomach will neither bear ether nor opium; another is injured by steel; and others are intolerant of mercury. The two latter remedies are peculiarly illustrative of these remarks. Iron is employed to raise the tone of the general system, but it occasions constipation by its action on the alimentary canal; therefore, in order to counteract this portion of its effect, it can only be used in conjunction with aloes, or some other purgative, the tendency of which, as respects the system at large, may be exactly the reverse of that of the steel. With mercury the case is just the opposite. We wish to introduce it into the system, but it is purgative as well as alterative and antiphlogistic, and the former quality often renders very difficult our attaining the benefit of the two latter. The physician, then, is frequently placed in the dilemma, either to injure the stomach in an attempt to relieve other parts, or to leave the latter to their fate, because they can only be reached at the peril of the former. His only mode of escape from this predicament, is, to employ a *regimen* of *adjuvantia*, *dirigentia*, and *corrigentia*, in the multiplicity and confusion of which it is by no means easy to make out so clear a balance of power as shall enable him clearly to foresee which kind of action, in the *ollis*, will get the uppermost; and unless he be well skilled in chemistry, he may unconsciously prescribe a dose so scrupulously guarded as to be neutralized and altogether impotent.

Of course we do not conclude that hydropathy has discovered a remedy for this difficulty; but its own plan of proceeding is not similarly embarrassed, because it deals with external instead of internal parts. Whether it can produce an ef-

* Dr. Wilson observed to me once, very truly I think, that many regular physicians are beginning to own the effect of water as a stimulant, who yet do not perceive its far more complicated and beneficial effects as an alterative.

[illegible] other remedies for alcohol, tobacco, opium, and other stimulants, to which we are addicting, in altogether another direction, and one which the system [illegible]

[illegible]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS: With Directions for Self-Management Before, During, and After Pregnancy. Addressed to Mothers and Nurses. By Mrs. BARWELL. Revised, Enlarged, and Adapted to Habits and Climate in the United States, by a Physician of New York, under the Approval and Recommendation of Valentine Mott, M. D. Philadelphia: Published by J. & J. L. Gihon, No. 98 Chesnut St.

This little book contains many sound and judicious common-sense precepts for mothers to consider; and though a mother's affection with God's aid, not always on the subject, we do not think it well, in a matter so important as the rearing of children, to have "line upon line, and precept upon precept." The following passage contains a truth often verified in the home disappointment of the self-confident parent, who, while yet unwise, has deemed herself thoroughly grounded in right principles, and capable of acting up to her ideal, but who finds, by many a mortifying failure, that she can only hope to succeed by looking for strength to a Power beyond her own.

To a young mother whose career of maternal duties has but just commenced, it may seem unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of an affection which she believes is already too full for increase; but she must look forward to the time when she will be surrounded with little ones, of different dispositions, the novelty of her situation worn off, and youthful spirits less joyous and elastic. When peculiarly situated, with regard to the support and comfort of many as of one—when cares and anxieties of all kinds come—then comes the time for the exercise of perfect love, when it is most powerfully taxed, and when it is most likely to give way. The active mind is more liable to irritability than the indolent;—therefore, the best informed, the most ardent, anxious, and well-meaning parents are the most likely to forget their previous convictions, and in a moment of forgetfulness, to inspire their children with fear, and thus to shake the confidence which the child ought to repose in its parents. So true is it, that before we can govern children, we must be able to govern ourselves.

We commend these remarks upon Pure Air to the special attention of all who have the care of children:

*Pure Air.*—As nervous sensibility predominates in early life, and its excess forms an ingredient in almost every infantile disease, it is of the utmost importance, in the management of infants, to pay attention to all those circumstances, and agents, which tend to strengthen and invigorate the nervous system. Of these, *pure air* is, perhaps, of equal importance with wholesome food. When a child, pent up in the confined and impure atmosphere of our cities, has become emaciated by teething, and perhaps brought to death's door by cholera infantum, it is surprising to see with what rapidity he is restored, on removal to the pure air of the country. This seems to be a specific for nearly all the disorders, which arise from teething; and, accordingly, all our writers on diseases of children, recommend this as indispensable, and the only remedy, almost, which is needed. We have been in the habit, for the last twenty years, of recommending to those who dwell in the city of New York, a daily trip across the river, to Hoboken, during the summer months, for children undergoing the process of teething, and we have found, where this has been practised, that dentition has, in a very large majority of cases, been attended with little or no inconvenience. Connected with improper food, impure air is the great cause of the excessive infant mortality in our American cities. This is shown by the fact, that a large proportion of the deaths under five years, occurs among the children of the poor, who are crowded together in filthy, ill-ventilated apartments, and who pay no regard to personal cleanliness. Cooped up in small rooms, with a coal stove in the centre, on which all the cooking is done for the family, thus breathing an atmosphere reeking with all kinds of impurity, and which is never renovated, how is it possible for a young infant, under such circumstances, to survive the process of teething, or if thus fortunate, to go safely through those numerous disorders, which, at some period, sooner or later, most children have to experience? The sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which escapes from our anthracite coal, is exerting a most deadly influence upon the health and lives of infants and young children, in all our large cities, and, we believe, is one of the causes of the gradual increase of mortality among this class of our population.

We have, within our own practice, witnessed several instances, where the death of the child was manifestly owing to this cause; and, in a poor family, to which we were lately summoned, on account of convulsions occurring in one of the children, we found the air of the apartment absolutely irrespirable from this cause, and every one of the family, consisting of eight persons, complaining of faintness, giddiness, want of appetite, and numerous other symptoms, which we might expect in such a case. The removal of the stove, and the substitution of a wood fire, sufficed for their speedy restoration to health.

The importance of the free ventilation of nurseries, and the sleeping apartments of children, is not sufficiently appreciated. There is a great difficulty, we are aware, owing to the construction of our houses, in preserving the temperature at a proper height, in winter, and yet providing for suitable ventilation; but, if it cannot otherwise be done, so highly do we estimate the value of pure, fresh air by the young, we should, as a general rule, recommend free ventilation, even at the expense of lowering the temperature. Of the two evils, the latter is the least.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW; OR, THE ISLE OF RAYS. A Tale. By EMMA D. E. NEVITT SOUTHWORTH, Author of "Shannondale," "The Deserted Wife," &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. For sale by Henderson & Co., No. 144 Chesnut Street, and by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

This is a tale of deep and tragic interest, illustrating, with all the author's peculiar originality and power, the workings of Pride, in its most excessive and morbid indulgence; so unnaturally developed, indeed, that we might suspect such a character to be a mere monstrosity of the imagination, if it were not for Mrs. Southworth's assurance that the story is from real life, with no difference but the softening of its most repulsive features. Those who have read Sir Walter Scott's Bride of Lammermoor, will remember that he feels compelled to make a similar apology for the horrible denouement of that splendidly artistic, but most shocking story, by stating it to be literally true. The characters of Lady Ashton and Mrs. Armstrong, both exemplify the demoniac passion of Pride, carried to the same disastrous length, except that our present author, Mrs. Southworth, with an eye to poetic justice, makes a sudden turn of affairs toward the close, by which the mischief-maker of the plot is brought to condign punishment, and her victims restored to the full felicity which she had been marring.

It must not be inferred from our remarks, that in depicting powerful and effective scenes, Mrs. Southworth neglects the beautiful. In this work, are passages that might be taken for models of word-painting—graceful descriptions of some of the most gorgeous and enchanting scenery that a luxuriant imagination ever conjured up. Also, in the vivid delineation of personal peculiarities, and the picturesque grouping of contrasted characters, a fine artistic taste is manifested.

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE. By ACHETA DOMESTICA, M. E. S. New York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. For sale by Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

This belongs to a class of works, which we would like to see multiplied indefinitely, the riches of the subject being inexhaustible, and its pursuit fruitful of good influences.

The study of the beautiful and wonderful in nature, however humble the department investigated, tends to exalt and purify the mind, for it is scarcely possible to examine minutely the evidences of creative power and love that are scattered everywhere around us, without reverent thoughts of the Creator. The natural sciences are generally fascinating to children, and to simple and childlike minds of every age, but our author seems to fancy that general readers need to be allured to the subject, and accordingly these "episodes" aim at a lighter and more entertaining style than is usual for books on entomology, and are handsomely illustrated with figures of the insects of which they treat. The frontispiece engraving we like particularly. It represents a gay cloud of butterflies just emerged from their tomb-like chrysalides, and winging their way up into the sunshine, whose warm beams awake them to life. Underneath are Longfellow's appropriate lines:

> "And with child-like, credulous affection
> We behold those tender wings expand,
> Emblems of our own great resurrection,
> Emblems of the bright and better land."

THE AMERICAN MILLER, AND MILLWRIGHT'S ASSISTANT. By WILLIAM CARTER HUGHES. Phila: Henry Carey Baird, successor to E. L. Carey, S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts.

The author of this work, in the preface, states that he has "spent the best portion of his life in the pursuit of his calling as a practical miller, and begs to say, in preparing this work for the milling public, that his object is to establish a correct guide to a business which so little is known about, in a shape of substantial reference instead of speculative theories." Numerous illustrations increase the value of the work.

1851; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF MR. AND MRS. SANDBOYS, THEIR SON AND DAUGHTER, WHO CAME UP TO LONDON TO ENJOY THEMSELVES AND TO SEE THE GREAT EXHIBITION. By HENRY MAYHEW and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. New York: Stringer & Townsend. For sale by T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia. Price, 25 cents.

This, as may be gathered from its title, is a humorous picturing of what may happen at the World's Fair. It has an engraving representing all the inhabitants of the round earth flocking to the Crystal Palace.

### SERIALS.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW AND REVIEW OF EUROPEAN SCIENCE. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. The May No. of this periodical fully sustains its character for interest and value.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE, for April, [illegible] a tale by Joseph R. Chandler.

THE SCHOOLMATE—A Magazine for Youth. Rev. [illegible] Weld, Editor. The May number is illustrated with a splendid picture called "The [illegible]." Its contents are varied and entertaining.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MANAGERS OF THE ROSINE ASSOCIATION, No. 202 North Eighth St.

From this interesting document we extract a passage giving an idea of the beneficial working of the institution, and its claims upon the liberality of our citizens:

We have had many proofs of the benefits arising from our visits among these unfortunate beings. A few days since, two of our managers were called upon by a fine looking young woman, whom they recognized as one they had visited eighteen months before, as the inmate of a house of bad character. She was of respectable family, had married foolishly in her fifteenth year, against the will of her friends, and was soon deserted and thrown upon her own resources. Thus situated, she became the prey of the spoiler; step by step she sunk into the depth and entered upon a life of crime, and finally, as the inmate of an abode of infamy, was visited by two of our members. In her low-toned words she said, "Until you conversed with me, I had not thought of the possibility of a return to respectable life; no one had ever spoken to me as you did; your words sank in my heart; in one week after your visit I left the house, resumed my own name, and have since supported myself by my needle; I have met with great difficulties and deprivations, but nothing shall ever tempt me again to crime." We feel constantly the necessity of more laborers in this widely extended field, and regret extremely that the time of our managers, which ought to be spent in the Rosine House, in visiting the houses of these sadly erring ones, and in attending the many calls to the prisons and almshouse, (which appears to some of us to be a peculiar duty,) should have to be devoted to going round to collect our subscriptions, and begging funds to maintain the institution.—It would be a particular kindness and relief to the managers, if those who are willing to contribute to this important institution would call upon one of them, or at the store of the Rosine House, and leave their subscriptions. The managers acknowledge with the truest feeling the sympathy and kindness they meet with in making their collections, and are assured that there is in the community a sufficient appreciation of the necessity and benefits arising from this society, to be willing to support the institution nobly, and release the managers from the unpleasant necessity of begging from door to door.

INDIANA. A Novel. By GEORGE SAND. Author of "Consuelo," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," &c., &c. Translated by one of the best French scholars in this country, a member of the Philadelphia Bar. Together with a life of the author. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut St.

This, if we remember rightly, is the first work ever given to the public by George Sand. In this circumstance lies its condemnation, for at the outset of her career, her views of life distorted by the unnatural position in which the corrupt usages of society in France had placed her, her mind a medley of conflicting opinions, and her heart a whirling chaos of tempestuous emotions, Madame Dudevant was incapable of writing anything that could benefit the world. The first wild utterance of a nature like hers, so unhappily wrought upon, should no more be perpetuated than the cry of a maniac. She herself with the higher principle and more chastened imagination of her maturer years, would, we have reason to believe, be the first to regret its republication.

THE SEVERED; OR, THE FATAL MARRIAGES. By HENRY COCKTON, author of "Valentine Vox," "The Steward," &c. New York: H. Long & Brother, 43 Ann St. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a lively, superficial, entertaining story, —which would be called eminently readable by the majority of readers. That the writings of this author are so considered, is proved by the rapid sale of Valentine Vox, another of his fictions.

THE TURNER'S COMPANION; Containing Instructions in Concentric, Eliptic, and Eccentric Turning. Also, Various Plates of Chucks, Tools, and Instruments; and Directions for Using the Eccentric Cutter, Drill, Vertical Cutter, and Circular Rest; with Patterns and Instructions for Working them. Phila: Henry Carey Baird.

The comprehensive title of this book sufficiently sets forth its contents. The patterns are numerous and well engraved.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES. As Suffered by the Late Job Caudle. With Illustrations. New York: Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway.

Everybody has heard of this rich bundle of matrimonial witticisms. Whoever has not read it, may procure a copy of the new edition, for 25 cts., at T. B. Peterson's, 98 Chesnut St.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE EARTH'S MOTION.

The correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Plainfield, gives the following simple verification of the recent experiments to show the motion of the earth:

An ordinary 56 lb. weight, suspended by means of a small wire from the rafters of a barn, formed my pendulum. It was 30 feet long, and consequently made about 21 vibrations per minute. In order that it might move with as little friction as possible, and also turn freely in a horizontal direction, I took a small file, and having had one end turned up at right angles to its length, and well hardened, I made the point sharp and smooth. This I drove into the rafter, and on the point suspended a hardened ring, which had a small indentation on the inside to keep from slipping off the point. To this ring the wire of the pendulum was fastened.

That the vibrations might be the more readily traced along the floor, a small pointed rod was attached to the centre of the under side of the weight, nearly in a line with the wire, and long enough to reach within an eighth of an inch of the floor. The point on the floor immediately under the pendulum when at rest, was then ascertained, and twelve straight lines drawn through it, making, with each other, angles of 15° each. The pendulum was now set to vibrating along one of those lines; for a short time the point of the rod seemed to be tracing the line backwards and forwards; but in less than 15 minutes it had deviated perceptibly to the left of the end next the observer. I tried it successively along several other lines running in various directions, and found in every instance, when undisturbed, that it deviated to the left; and that the amount of deviation varied nearly as the time, that is, the longer the time the greater the deviation. To-day I again repeated the experiment. At 11 o'clock I set it vibrating along a line running nearly East and West, and now, at 2, three hours after, I find it moving N. W. and S. E.

According to a well-known law of motion, a body once put in motion by any force, will continue to move in the direction in which that force is impressed, until acted upon by some other force tending to move it in a different direction. Now in the present instance, as we know of no force tending to change the direction of the pendulum's motion, it seems fair to infer that it still vibrates in the same absolute direction that it did three hours ago. If this be true, the barn floor must have been turning round to the Eastward, making during these three hours one-eighth of a revolution; and as the barn still has the same relative position to all external objects on the surface of the earth around it, we must conclude that it is the earth that is turning round at this rate, and that it will make a complete revolution in 24 hours.

### THE BETTER FEELINGS TRIUMPHANT.

We have remarked some of the roughest specimens of humanity as passers through this city, we ever cast eyes upon in our life before. The other day, while standing at the Exchange, our attention was called to one of the very hardest looking customers, just arrived on the Isthmus, from California, after evidently a long residence in El Dorado. He and those with him, were bearded like pards. He was then listening to the jabber of a native who had hired for him a mule, and who on seeing his baggage, was remonstrating to get a dollar or more. "Look you here, *hombre*," said he, "a bargain's a bargain; I agreed to give you twenty dollars; I paid you the half—start your boots. I am a man of few words; but if in ten minutes that mule ain't ready packed, there will be one dead nigger about these diggings." He drew a revolver from his belt, looked at the caps, and turning round, looked savage defiance at everybody. At that instant a lady on a mule, and two beautiful little girls, on their way to California, were trying to pass the blocked up thoroughfare. His eyes met the appealing gaze of the mother. Instantly his whole countenance was changed. He doffed his hat to the lady, backed the mule, *hombre* and all, and, with a sweep of his arm, called the attention of his comrades. "Back, boys!" "Make way for the lady!" The way was cleared—the lady passed.

Our stalwart friend stood and gazed after them for a minute or two, and, as he turned round, we could perceive his face suffused with tears; on wiping his eyes, he perceived we were regarding him closely.

"I have been away from home, sir," said he in a faltering voice, "for two years—that woman and the little faces of those children, reminded me of my family. God bless my girls and their mother!" So, shaking himself, as it were, he returned his revolver to his belt; and in a mild voice, said to the native, "Come, *hombre*, as soon as you can, my friend, get that mule ready, and you shall have what you ask."

He walked away. Nature, nature, said we, how unaccountably you soften the human heart! we never would have deemed that savage-looking man of continued. We also walked away to our office, and "made a note of it."—*Panama Echo.*

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.


**PHILADELPHIA:**
**SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1851.**



**SATURDAY EVENING POST**
**STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.**
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Checks, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.


## THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have three now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur.

THE BRIDE OF THE EVENING, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

THE THREE HUNTERS, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

## FOX, PITT, &c.

From an original letter of the distinguished William Pinckney, written in 1797, and recently published in the Washington Republic, we take the following impressions of some of the celebrated English characters of that day. Mr. Pinckney was then acting as one of the U. S. Commissioners, under Jay's treaty, to settle the claims for British spoliations. Mr. Pinckney says:

"It is the misfortune of almost all travellers that they set out with expectations so extravagant, that their gratification is absolutely impossible. This was in a great measure my case, and the consequence has been frequent disappointment.

"I presume it is to be attributed to my too sanguine anticipation that I have seen Mrs. Siddons in her most favorite characters without emotion or approbation; that I have heard Mr. Fox on the most interesting and weighty subjects without discovering that he is an orator; that I have heard Mr. Grey on the same occasions without thinking him above mediocrity; in short, that I have seen and heard much that I was told I should admire, without admiring it at all. Mr. Pitt, indeed, has not disappointed me. He is truly a wonderful man. I never heard so clear and masterly a reasoner, or a more effectual declaimer. They have all one fault, however; they do not understand the power which may be given to the human voice by tones and modulation.

"In consequence of our public character, you and myself are allowed to sit under the gallery of the House of Commons—a privilege of which you will suppose I do not omit to avail myself. I could sit there forever to listen to Mr. Pitt.—In argument he is beyond example correct and perspicuous, and in declamation energetic and commanding. His style might serve as a model of classic elegance, and has no defect, unless it be that it is sometimes overloaded with parenthesis. You have seen and heard him, and therefore need not be told that his manner is against him. His voice is full and impressive, and his articulation unusually distinct. I thought at first that his pronunciation was too precise and analytic. It is, in fact, a sort of spelling pronunciation, that gives unnecessary body and importance to every syllable; but I am now familiarized with this scholastic particularity, and hardly feel its impropriety. I observe that he, as well as Mr. Fox, closes his periods with a cadence unknown to America. I think it unmusical and harsh. It is, however, so completely fashionable, that you meet with it even in Westminster Hall. Of Mr. Fox, I think that he has a vigorous mind, but that he is a speaker *in spite of nature and his stars*. He is, notwithstanding, generally powerful in debate. I have heard Mr. Erskine once in the House of Commons. I thought nothing of him; but I am assured by good judges that *at the bar* he is formidable, and indeed eloquent, although he makes no figure in Parliament. I do not understand this, but I know one-half of the fact to be true in Mr. Erskine's case.

"Mr. Secretary Dundas is mediocre; and I incline to think that in America the *art of speaking* is more advanced than in any other country. We have, it is true, swarms of *mere praters*, but we have also more (I mean a greater number of) able speakers than are to be found here or elsewhere. The bar in this country are sound lawyers, but nothing more; in America they are something more.

"Perhaps in all this I make my estimates a little too partially, and with too much pride of country about me; but I am writing to you, who have the same prejudices, and can make allowance for me."

MYSTERIOUS MOVEMENT.—The N. Y. Herald, of last Sunday, says:

Yesterday, a despatch was received here from Washington, giving orders to charter a steamer for the service of the Government, for not less than twenty days, nor more than ninety days, to cruise from this port to Florida. It is believed that the destination is Charleston, and that the despatch has reference to the secession in the South. The Brother Jonathan, North America, and other steamers were in contemplation, but finally the Crescent City was fixed upon. She is to sail with sealed orders, and not to be more than five hundred miles at any time from land. She is not to carry more than 300 men.

We think it more probable that she is intended to intercept some Cuban Invasion movement.

IMPORTANT FROM NICARAGUA.—A late arrival brings the gratifying news of the entire withdrawal of the British naval forces at San Juan, the probable immediate abandonment of the ridiculous Mosquito protectorate by the English, and the surrender back to the Nicaraguan Government of the port of San Juan, and all the territory over which the British have so long unjustly held sway!

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 167—adults 85, and children 82.

## Clippings.

☞ "You can't think," says a lady, writing to an editor, "how much good the deaths and marriages do me. If you knew how I love deaths and marriages, you would have them in every paper. The elopements and murders are beautiful, but the common deaths and marriages are more satisfactory. You crowd the married ones so close together, that it seems as if you consulted their happiness and wishes, even in your types."

☞ A friend relates a case, in which a boy in school, who imbibed his politics and his intelligence from a Democratic father, refused to cypher in *Federal* Money.

☞ Go to a man in business hours only on business. Transact *your* business, and go about your business, that he may have time to do *his* business.

☞ A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is influenced by his head.

☞ A Spanish writer says, that English women rarely laugh aloud, considering it vulgar and unlady-like; while Spanish women indulge in a sort of electric shock, a short musical arpeggio.

☞ The proceeds of Jenny Lind's recent charity concert in this city amounted to $5,042.00—which was divided among seven charitable associations.

☞ In dry pastures dig for water on the brow of a hill; springs are more frequently near the surface of a height than in a vale.

☞ SHAKSPEARE.—An English actor, on visiting Niagara Falls, wrote home,—"Oh, what a fall is *here*, my countrymen!"

☞ If men would but obey the advice which they bestow gratuitously on others, what a reformation would be effected in their characters!

☞ A man embarrassed in his circumstances, and conducting them imprudently, likes best to continue in the dark; he will not gladly reckon up the debtor entries he is charged with. But, on the other hand, there is nothing to a prudent manager more pleasant than daily to set before himself the sum of his growing fortune.

☞ The less useful things are, the more they interest foolish people. The clown that throws a double somerset is much better patronized than the philosopher who undertakes to revolutionize society. The owner of the "industrious fleas" realized a fortune; had he got up an exhibition of the same number of industrious men, he would have brought up in the Court of Bankruptcy.

☞ "What d'ye think the chaps ashore call a hat?" said a jolly Jack tar, whose vessel was lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, to a shipmate enjoying a pipe by his side. "I don't know," replied his messmate, "some outlandish name or other, I suppose." "Why, they call it a *sombrero*," said Jack. "The cussed fools," said the other, "why can't they just as easy say hat at once."

☞ What is fear? A frightful substance to the really guilty, but a vain and harmless shadow to the conscientious, honest and upright.

☞ The flower-girl said to the ladies, "Come, buy, Come, buy." And they went by.

☞ There never was a right endeavor but it succeeded. Patience and patience, we shall win at the last.

☞ A San Francisco letter states that Professor Shepard has discovered within one hundred miles of that city, what he named the "Gypsum Forests," where many of the trees of immense size [illegible] standing, but the trunk and limbs all in a state of perfect petrifaction. Specimens of [illegible], petrified wood, &c., &c., have been sent to the World's Fair in London.

☞ An immense cotton stalk from Alabama will be exhibited at the World's Fair. The plant was 20 feet high, and bore 1,000 bolls.

☞ There are three "preachers of the gospel" in the Indiana State Prison, convicted for horse-stealing.

☞ NEW BREED OF RABBITS.—At a recent Agricultural Exhibition held at Chatham, England, a new variety of rabbits was exhibited, chiefly remarkable for the enormous length of their ears. In one animal, a male, the length of the ears was 21½ inches; in another, a female, 21½ inches, with a breadth of nearly 5 inches.

☞ At a late trial, somewhere in Vermont, the defendant, who was not familiar with the multitude of words which the law employs to make a very trifling charge, after listening a while to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said, "Them 'ere allegations is false, and that 'ere alligator knows it!"

☞ HIS WAYS ARE NOT OUR WAYS.—We see in the Holy Scriptures that Jacob would not have submitted to Joseph's residence in Egypt, nor would the Virgin Mary have consented to the death of her son and Saviour; yet from both these events, afflicting as they were at the time, the most precious of our blessings arose.

☞ N. P. Willis is of the opinion that "there is no more harm in improving the complexion by assisting Nature in the distribution of white and red, than there is in making up a fascinating figure which, at night, *hangs over the back of a chair!*" What a horrible man!

☞ The Rev. Mr. Choules says: "I wish that we could create a general passion for gardening and horticulture. We want more beauty about our homes—more to attach us to our homes. The scenes of our childhood are the memories of our future years. Let our dwellings be beautiful with plants and flowers. Flowers are the playthings of childhood, and the ornaments of the grave; they raise smiling looks to man, and grateful ones to God."

☞ The Home Journal says that Grisi, the dancer, who is coming to this country, is "a fine artist, but a red-haired and freckled young lady, whose talent has made her a fame without the aid of beauty."

☞ EXACTLY SO.—In conversation the other day with a gentleman who formerly mingled much in transatlantic politics, but has resided many years in this country, and is a warm friend of our Republican institutions, he wound up with the remark,—"But, sir, after all, it is to your unceasing vigilance that you Americans owe every thing—your liberties, your walking-canes and your umbrellas."

☞ A St. Louis gentleman recently arrived in Cincinnati from Paris, having been only thirteen days, less three hours, on the journey.

# POSTSCRIPT.

### THREE DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the Cambria at Halifax, we have three days later news from Europe. We are indebted for a telegraphic despatch to the kindness of the North American of this city.

The British and Continental news is quite unimportant.

The all-absorbing topic in England, is the great Exhibition, which was opened by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, on May day, in the presence of 30,000 persons, with great pomp, and without disorder or accident.

On the 2nd inst., the Russell Ministry was defeated by a motion by Mr. Hume, to confine the operation of the property tax to one year.

The Jewish Disabilities Bill had been read a second time.

The tide of emigration from England and Ireland continued unabated.

All danger of a ministerial crisis in Paris has passed, and the old story is again current that Louis Napoleon is making great efforts to prolong his term of office.

The Portuguese insurrection had subsided.

Austria and Russia have demanded of the Sultan of Turkey, that he retain Kossuth and his fellow patriots for two years longer. The Sultan is inclined to refuse, and throw himself on the protection of England and France.

There is nothing new from Germany.

Cotton—There has not been much fluctuation since the sailing of the Arctic, but prices for the week have declined ⅛a¼d per lb. on American descriptions. The sales of the week are 22,250 bales, and the market closed tamely. Trade in Manchester extremely dull.

## Foreign Items.

A WATER CURE.—An Irish paper says that Wexford has been rid of beggars by a very simple process. The magistrates imprisoned the vagrants for twenty-four hours, and had them well washed. This discipline was found to act wonderfully well, for not one submitted to it twice.

The Dublin papers announce the conversion of four persons from the Roman Catholic Church. One of them was a famous Corn Exchange orator in O'Connell's time.

Sir James Sutherland Mackintosh, the "eccentric" Scottish baronet, was lately committed to the House of Correction in London, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct in the streets.

The following specimen of womanly assumption was given in one of the census returns in England:—"Jane ——, wife, head of the family, manglingwoman. John ——, husband, turns my mangle."

The Morning Advertiser states that Dr. Hendren, the new "Bishop of Clifton," intended to build a cathedral with Miss Talbot's fortune of £85,000, and that, in certain anticipation of touching the money, he purchased the land, value £1,500, whereby he is now somewhat embarrassed.

During the late rage for sending petitions, numerously signed, to the Queen, a boys' school was visited by a petition which the scholars rose to sign. One little boy, however, tried to escape, and upon being asked to sign, absolutely refused to attach his name. What was the objection? Was he a Catholic? No. Were his parents Catholics? No. Then why wouldn't he sign? After a long time the urchin blubbered it out. "I don't want to sign—because—because—the Queen would see my bad writing."

WORKING SAILS BY A STEAM ENGINE.—A ship called the Medora, is about to sail from Glasgow, Scotland, for San Francisco, which has on board a small steam engine, intended to weigh the anchor, pump ship, hoist the topsails, and do any other hard hauling that may be required, in addition to hoisting out and in the cargo. It is placed upon deck near the fore hatchway, and is covered by an erection about as large as a cook's galley.

Five London travelling editors recently called upon the King of Denmark, and were shown through the castle grounds, and treated afterwards to a collation. A shrewd monarch that.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has a new volume of poems in press, entitled "Casa Guidi Windows." The Casa Guidi is the residence of Mrs. Browning in Florence.

A man found guilty of a felony at the Central Criminal Court, Ireland, recently, entreated the Court to "deal leniently with him, and give him a short imprisonment, as he was particularly anxious to see the Great Exhibition."

A BIGOTED FATHER.—The late Duke of Newcastle, a bigoted Tory, bequeathed the whole of his property to his *second* son, the eldest, to whom it would have legally fallen, not having been as staunch a protectionist as his father wished.

A French gentleman was recently fined for teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, gratuitously to his own servants and two or three neighbors, amounting in all to a class of ten people! The French law does not allow of such teaching without authorization, and Mr. Seiller had a gentle hint that a second *offence* of the same nature would subject him to imprisonment.

"Dora," the infant daughter of Charles Dickens, died in London on the 16th ult.

Rev. Dr. Wolff, the converted Jew, is on a tour through Scotland.

On the 23rd ultimo, Lord Edward Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, presented a petition to the Lord Chancellor, for a reference to a master to inquire whether it would be proper and beneficial to Miss Augusta Talbot, to accept a proposal of marriage made by him. The order was made, and so ends the "Talbot case." Lord Edward is, of course, a Catholic.

It was stated on the 26th ultimo, that 20,000 season tickets for the Great Exhibition had been sold.

Lady Bulwer Lytton has just published a new novel called "Miriam Sedley."

The Journal du Havre states, that a few days ago, as the funeral procession of a wealthy inhabitant of Ingouville was proceeding along the street, a poor cobbler remarked to a friend:—"How strange it is that a man who possessed everything to make life happy should be cut off, whilst a poor devil like I am, who have nothing to expect but misery, will probably live long!" and that the moment he had uttered the last word, he staggered and fell dead.

## General News.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT SYRACUSE.—As no house could be procured in the city of New York, for love or money, the Convention was held in the Market Hall, Syracuse; a $10,000 bond being given by private individuals to make good any damages arising from a riot or other disturbance. Among those present were Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster, William L. Garrison, George Thompson, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Wright, (editor of the "Commonwealth," Boston,) Frederick Douglass, Mr. Burleigh, (a New England poet,) Mr. Whitman, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Gay, &c., &c.

The speeches made have been highly revolutionary and Anti-Union. Mr. Pillsbury, for instance, said:

"We are at this time in the midst of a revolution, and about to dash one of the proudest Governments that ever was established to the ground. Our business is to break it to pieces as a potter's vessel. Our revolution will as far transcend the revolution of 1776 as an age in duration transcends a minute. He then went on to say that the North had much more to complain of from the South, than the Americans had to complain of from the oppressions under the Government of George III. Therefore, there was more necessity for the revolution now at hand.

Mr. Ritchie, of Otsego, stated that he had been lately in Canada, and that he had during his visit there, ascertained that there were at the present time 20,000 slaves in Canada, 5,000 of whom had arrived there since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law.

MONEY FOR BENEVOLENT PURPOSES.—The receipts of ten of the principal Benevolent Societies, for the year ending 30th of April, (unless otherwise specified,) are subjoined. Though large, they are, in the aggregate, only about $15,000 greater than during the preceding year. The receipts of that year were near $200,000 greater than during the year 1848-'9:

| | 1849-'50 | 1850-'51 |
|---|---|---|
| Am. Tract Society, | $[illegible] 72 | *$310,[illegible] |
| Am. Bible Society, | 284,614 34 | 276,[illegible] |
| Am. B. C. Foreign Missions, | 251,385 63 | †176,676 83 |
| Am. Home Mission Society, | 157,160 78 | 150,940 [illegible] |
| Am. and For. Chr. Union, | [illegible] 84 | [illegible] |
| Am. and For. Bible Society, | 41,626 01 | 45,372 41 |
| Am. Bap. Home Mis. Society, | 26,1[illegible] | ‡[illegible] |
| Am. Seamen's Friend Society, | 22,[illegible] 19 | §19,[illegible] 61 |
| N. Y. State Colonization Soc., | 17,416 71 | [illegible] |
| Am. Soc. for Ameliorating the Condition of the Jews, | 6,000 00 | 11,100 [illegible] |
| Total, | $1,0[illegible],742 74 | 1,0[illegible],790 [illegible] |

* Of which $[illegible],720 33 were the proceeds of the sales of tracts and volumes.
† From Aug. 1 to March 31—8 months.
‡ For eleven months, ending March 31.
§ The receipts from legacies last year were but $[illegible]; whereas, those of the previous year were $3,133. Considerable sums raised by the Chaplains abroad—more than $6,000 from the Floating Bethel at Canton—are not included, nor still larger amounts raised and expended by auxiliaries. The whole sum would exceed $75,000 for the past year.

POPULATION OF PRINCIPAL CITIES.—The leading cities of the United States rate as follows, under the new census, as to population, compared with 1840:—

| | 1850. | 1840. |
|---|---|---|
| New York, | 517,849 | 312,710 |
| Philadelphia, | 450,000 | 258,407 |
| Baltimore, | 169,025 | 102,313 |
| New Orleans, | 152,000 | 102,000 |
| Boston, | 136,788 | 93,382 |
| Cincinnati, | 116,108 | 46,382 |
| Brooklyn, | 97,208 | 36,292 |
| St. Louis, | 85,000 | 16,469 |
| Pittsburg, | 80,000 | 40,000 |
| Washington, | 43,266 | 22,254 |
| Charleston, | 43,265 | 40,139 |
| Buffalo, | 42,277 | 18,213 |
| Louisville, | 42,600 | 20,000 |
| Providence, | 41,416 | 23,171 |
| Newark, | 38,835 | 17,290 |
| Rochester, | 36,561 | 20,101 |
| Lowell, | 32,984 | 20,796 |
| Williamsburg, | 30,880 | 5,605 |
| Richmond, | 30,800 | 20,161 |
| Chicago, | 28,269 | 4,470 |
| New Haven, | 22,538 | 14,390 |
| Syracuse, | 22,235 | 11,012 |
| Detroit, | 21,055 | 7,012 |
| Portland, | 20,619 | 15,219 |
| Milwaukie, | 20,035 | 1,712 |

THE WEALTHY MEN OF NEW YORK.—A book containing the names of persons, copartnerships and corporations, who have been taxed for $17,500 and upwards in New York City, the past year, has been published. It makes one hundred octavo pages. According to this report there are but two millionaires, viz: Wm. B. Astor, who is taxed $29,579 26 on $2,600,000, and Peter Lombard, whose property is set down at $1,169,900.

There are but five who are taxed for half a million and upwards, viz.: James Brown, $500,000; Peter Goelet $888,400; James Lenox $567,500; Stephen Whitney $826,200; J. D. Wolfe $700,000; Wm. B. Moffat, the pill maker, is set down at $258,000; Hamilton Fish, the new U. S. Senator, $278,500; Trinity Church is set down at $151,600. The Post says:—"By reference to this volume, the reader may learn how much of the wealth accumulated in New York escapes taxation, and infer how many millionaires, who have grown rich from their stores and offices here, do their sleeping in Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, and other places, where the taxes are comparatively trifling."

COD LIVER OIL.—It is very much to be regretted that so valuable a medicine should be subject to adulteration. Yet we understand that there is a great deal sold that is not pure, and that the oils of many other fish and animals are substituted for that of the codfish, which have in some cases brought the medicine into temporary disrepute. We see some of our most respectable apothecaries are taking an interest in the matter and have made arrangements to prepare the genuine oil from fresh cod livers in a pure and palatable form, which is a great desideratum, as the putrid oil formerly used is very nauseous.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

SLAVE CASE AT SAN FRANCISCO.—A man from Tennessee brought a slave with him—perhaps a year or more since. The master, wishing to return, desired to take the boy, but mistrusting legal aid, he seized him, and attempted to bear him off. The negro's friends interposed, and a writ of *Habeas Corpus* brought the case before Judge Morrison. This morning (April 1.) the Judge gave his decision, liberating the boy, and hinting at the liability incurred by the claimant as a kidnapper; whereupon measures were instantly taken to arrest the Tennessean.

FLAX CULTURE.—For the new Leavitt machinery, the flax may be either *mowed* or *cradled*, so that the harvesting of the crop may be done on the cheapest possible scale. That there *will* be a demand for the flax crop of the coming season, there can be little doubt.

Those who raise flax should, after threshing the seed, bind up the stalk in convenient bundles to handle. It should then be laid as even as possible, and in this condition stacked away, and covered with straw, to dry and prepare for the market.

CREDIT OF NORTH CAROLINA.—A gratifying evidence of the State credit of North Carolina, is evinced in the fact that the bids for the $50,000 worth of State bonds recently advertised by the public Treasurer, mostly went off at about one per cent. premium. None were sold for less than one per cent., and a small amount commanded as high as five per cent. Bids to the amount of more than $300,000 were offered, and all by citizens of the State.

BAPTIST MISSION DESTROYED.—The entire premises of the American Baptist Mission at Bangkok, (Bankok) Siam, were destroyed by fire on the night of the 4th of January last. The fire originated in a native's house, a few rods distant from the mission, and spread with such rapidity, that very few articles could be saved. Printing office, type foundry, &c., were consumed. Loss estimated to $10,000.

NEW PRINTING PRESS.—Mr. H. Underhill, of Canandaigua, New York, the Tribune says it learns, has invented and taken means to secure a patent for a new printing press, which is thought to be capable of throwing off sheets at the rate of six hundred per hour, employing only a man and a boy. It is supposed that one man alone can work four hundred sheets in an hour.

OYSTER TRADE.—Henry A. Wise, in a late speech in the Virginia Convention, stated that one firm in Baltimore had, in ten years, amassed a fortune of $250,000 by simply transporting oysters to the Western States, and that they had paid the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in one year $35,000 for carrying oysters alone.

THE MORMONS MOVING.—We see it stated that Strang, and nearly all his band, have left Beaver Island, with the intention of going to Salt Lake, and placing themselves under the jurisdiction of the colony at that place.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The city authorities of Boston have passed a resolution granting the use of Faneuil Hall to any body hereafter, on the application of one hundred legal voters.

In the Massachusetts Senate, a petition was recently presented from 197 Clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, praying that body to take all such steps as are constitutionally in their power to prevent the execution of the Fugitive Law.

CONNECTICUT.—At the organization of the Legislature, a Democrat was chosen Speaker of the House by 5 majority; and a Whig of the Senate by 3 majority. The next day Seymour (Dem.) was elected Governor by 3 majority. Kendrick (Whig) was elected Lieutenant Governor by 1 majority, and Clark, also Whig, Treasurer, by the same majority, in consequence of Temperance votes. Mather (Democrat) was chosen Secretary of State by 2 majority, and Pinney (Dem.), Comptroller, by the same.

NOMINATION OF WEBSTER.—At a large and enthusiastic Whig meeting recently held at Richmond, Va., Daniel Webster was nominated as a candidate for the Presidency in 1852.

The meeting also expressed their deep gratitude to President Fillmore, for the patriotic manner in which he had enforced the Compromise measures, particularly the Fugitive Slave Law.

THE BASIS QUESTION.—At a recent election in Richmond, the polls closed with 35 majority for the White Basis. The debate in the Virginia Convention on the subject is very warm.

DORR RESTORED.—T. W. Dorr has been restored to his civil rights by the Legislature of Rhode Island.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Georgia has arrived since our last with the mails, and $1,500,000 of gold. The news is voluminous but generally of little interest. The best news is that gambling is experiencing a great decline at San Francisco. Probably as the money comes harder, men hesitate to risk it upon the throw of a die. At Salmon River, it is said, provisions are abundant, and the miners are averaging from $4 to $8 a day. Flour is worth 20 cents.

The authorities of San Francisco are about entering into a contract for a supply of water, with a Mr. Merrifield. The water is to be obtained from a lake within four miles of San Francisco, which discharges twenty-five millions gallons per day. The water is to be forced upward into a reservoir several hundred feet above the city level, by machinery. The contract is to supply the corporation with water for hydrants, fountains, &c., for $30,000 per annum; and citizens at rates to be fixed by the Council, not less than one cent per gallon. It is stated that Mr. Merrifield is associated with English capitalists, who will furnish $800,000 towards the work, and that the aqueduct will be completed in eighteen months.

Lawyers in San Francisco are tender-conscienced. One recently refused $1,000, tendered to him as a retaining fee, on the ground that the applicant for his professional services had not a good case. Here some of the lawyers would have made that fact a pretext for doubling the fee.

Judge Thurston, delegate from Oregon, died on board of the California, and was buried at Acapulco.

Senator Gwinn had been ill, but was recovering at the last accounts.

NORTHERN FARMERS EMIGRATING TO VIRGINIA.—Some of the best farmers in Western New York have purchased lands in Virginia, and will soon become cultivators of the soil in that State. In a letter to the editor of the Genesee Farmer, of a recent date, from Proctor's Creek, Chesterfield County, Va., the writer says:

"I am anxious for a company of Northern farmers, say 100 to 150, to purchase a tract of from 20 to 40 000 acres, within 20 or 30 miles of the principal cities and tide water, at or near a railroad and water navigation. It will be but 30 hours travel by railroad from New York, and 48 hours by steamer. Some of those lands are well improved, and have fair buildings; and their average price may be $4 per acre. The climate is salubrious and admirably adapted to fruit culture. The following prices are common for the crops named: Wheat $1,05 and $1 a bushel; corn, 70 to 75 cts.; rye, 65 to 70 cts.; buckwheat, $1 to $1.25; hay, $20 to $25 a ton; oats, 50 to 64 cts.; butter, 25 cts. a pound, always; cheese, none made; Irish potatoes, $1 a bushel; sweet, $1 to $1,50; beans, $1,50; cotton, 12 cts; (little raised but might be.) Nothing is farther from the truth than the common belief at the North, that it is disgraceful here for a white man to labor."

WESTERN TEXAS.—An article in the Washington Union states that about forty miles from Brownsville, in a North East direction, lies the famous Salt Lake, called the *Sal del Rey*. It covers about four thousand acres; and such is the saline quality of the water, that there is a clear, pure bed of salt, about a foot deep, extending over the whole surface, and if any part be removed, in twenty-four hours it is completely replaced. In early times, this Salt Lake yielded a large revenue to the Spanish Government, and it is believed to be capable of supplying the whole Union with a most excellent article of salt. This property, as well as most of the lands in Western Texas, is involved in law suits, and it will be a year or so before the title is settled.

FLORIDA AS A COTTON STATE.—The Tallahassee Sentinel of the 15th ult., takes the Patent Office Report (pages 315-316) to task for its authorities to show the average yield, per hand and acre, in the various cotton-growing States. It sets down Florida far below all others in productive capacity, allowing it no more than three or four bales the hand. The Sentinel says that *six* bales to the hand has always been the acknowledged average yield in Florida, and calls on the cotton planters of the State to furnish each his own share of evidence to contradict the official record.

GIPSIES ABOUT.—The Belvidere (N. J.) Intelligencer states that a party of Rincall, probably a portion of the tribe which recently landed at Baltimore, encamped near Belvidere last week, and bewitched the young people by their fortune telling, &c. They also entered the house of Mr. B. R. Jones, who was absent, and terrified his lady into giving them a supper, for which they were subsequently fined $25, and ordered out of the neighborhood.

CUBAN REPORTS.—The Norfolk Argus states that about the 1st of May, three hundred men were encamped near Cape Henry, well supplied with provisions and ammunition. They were drilling every day, and pretended to be engaged in the coast survey. They generally spoke a foreign language, mostly Spanish. On the 4th inst., a steamboat called, on board of which they embarked. Their destination is unknown, but supposed to be Cuba.

THE COSDEN MURDERS.—The Cecil (Md.) Democrat, says: We learn from a reliable source that Drummond has made such a statement as will bring the perpetrators of this unparalleled crime to punishment. The rumors which have filled the papers for a week past have all sprung out of his revelations, which those entrusted with them have endeavored to keep secret, that they might the better subserve the ends of justice.

PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES.—The Old School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, of the United States, will hold its next annual session at St. Louis, May 15. On the same day, the New School General Assembly will commence its sessions at Utica, N. Y. Among the delegates to the latter, is the Hon. J. R. Giddings, who was appointed by the Grand River Presbytery, to agitate the slavery question.

A STRIKING INCIDENT.—Gen. Hugh Brady, Brevet Major of the U. S. Army, who served with credit in the war of 1812, died at Detroit on the 15th ult., of injuries received by a fall from his carriage. A short time before his death he uttered in delirium these words: "*Let the drums beat—my knapsack is slung!*" Gen. Brady was eighty-three years of age.

CAPONS.—We are informed, says the Mount Holly Mirror, that friend Abel Rulon, of Springfield, sold in the Philadelphia Market, ten pairs of capons, raised by him, for the handsome sum of forty dollars. Four dollars a pair for chickens, appears to us a pleasant compensation for the business of raising poultry, and worthy of the consideration of farmers.

REMAINS OF A MAMMOTH.—In excavating on the railroad, about six miles from Wheeling, Va., was discovered a tusk of a gigantic animal, imbedded in sand about sixteen feet. The tusk was not less than six and a half feet long, and at the large end measured eighteen inches in circumference.

☞ NO POTATO ROT WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—A letter from Oregon, says that the Potato Rot has never made its appearance there, or West of the Rocky Mountains.

### NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 10.

ASHES—Moderate sales at $5,56¼ for Pearls, and $5.50 for Pots.

COTTON—The market is firmer to-day, and some 1,400 bales were sold at ¼ improvement.

FLOUR, &c.—Flour market heavy, and prices still tend downward; sales 6,000 bbls at $4a4,06¼ for State, and $4,06¼a4,18¾ for Michigan. Southern dull, 500 bbls sold at $4,62½a4,81¼. Rye Flour and Corn Meal quiet.

GRAIN—The market is scarcely as firm for Wheat; sales 2,800 bushels Genesee, part at $1,16 and the remainder on private terms, and 2 000 white Michigan at $1,01. Rye quiet, with small sales at previous rates. Corn is still lower; sales 35,000 bushels at 58a59c, for Western mixed, 59a60c for Northern yellow, 63 cents for white Jersey, and 57½ for Western mixed, to arrive next week. Oats continue firm.

PROVISIONS—The market for Pork is easier, with sales of 1,000 bbls at $13,62½ and $13,87½ for new Mess and Prime, and $14,62½ and $13 for old do.

Beef is quiet, with sales of 300 bbls at former rates. Cut Meats are lower, with sales of 200 tcs pickled Hams at 8½, and Shoulders at 5½c. Lard is heavy; 400 bbls and tcs sold at 9¼a9¾c.

WHISKEY—Is doing better, with sales of 300 bbls at 22a22½c, and 50 casks Drudge at 22c, time.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

| | Bid | Asked | | Bid | Asked |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| U S 6s '56 | [illegible] | — | Southwark | [illegible] | — |
| " '62 | 113 | — | Kensington | [illegible] | — |
| " '67 | 117½ | 117¾ | P Township | [illegible] | — |
| " '68 | 117½ | — | Girard | 12½ | 13 |
| " 5s '53 | [illegible] | — | Western | [illegible] | — |
| " 5s '55 | [illegible] | — | Man & Mech | [illegible] | — |
| [illegible] | — | — | Bk of Com | [illegible] | — |
| U S Tr N 6s | — | — | Camden N J | [illegible] | — |
| " 1 mill | — | — | Germantown | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| Phila 6s | 107 | 107½ | Tren Bk Co | [illegible] | — |
| " 5s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Pitts'g Bk | [illegible] | — |
| " " Con | — | — | M & M Pitts | [illegible] | — |
| County 5s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Exchange, Pitts | 51 | — |
| Penna 5s | 100 | 100½ | Com, Cin | 15 | — |
| " 5s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Louis, Ky | 105 | — |
| Kentucky 6s | 105 | — | Kentucky Bk | 106 | 106½ |
| Tennessee 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Northern | 111 | — |
| Illinois 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Union, Tenn | 71 | — |
| Cincinnati 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Planters, Tenn | — | [illegible] |
| TexasT Notes | [illegible] | [illegible] | Vicksburg | 17½ | 18 |
| " bds 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Com, Natchez | — | — |
| Schuyl N 6s | 63 | 63½ | N O Gas Bk | 119 | 115 |
| " 1st | — | — | Schuyl Nav | 12 | — |
| Lehigh N 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Lehigh Nav | 36½ | 37 |
| " 1st loan | [illegible] | [illegible] | C & Del Cl | 100 | 105 |
| " Mort 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Morris Cl | 16½ | 16½ |
| C & D Cl 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Penn&Ohio Cl | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| C & Am R bds | 97 | [illegible] | Union Cl | 14½ | 14½ |
| Bea Mdw R 6s | 75 | — | Cam & Am R | 133 | 135 |
| Susqueh Cl 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Penna R | 43½ | 44 |
| Norrist's R 6s | [illegible] | — | Bea Mdw R | 16 | 18 |
| Harris R 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Lykens Val R | 15 | — |
| Wil R 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | North Am Cl | 13 | 15 |
| Read R 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Susqueh Cl | 16 | 16½ |
| " Mort 6s | [illegible] | [illegible] | Norristown R | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| U S Bk Notes | [illegible] | — | Harrisburg R | 43 | 44 |
| U S Bk Shares | 1¼ | 1½ | Wilmington R | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| N Amer Bk | 141½ | 143 | Reading R | 27 | 27¼ |
| Penna Bk | 119 | 119½ | Minehill R | 70 | — |
| Philadelphia | 143 | — | N Liberty Gas | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| Far & Mec | [illegible] | [illegible] | Flem Copper | 1 | — |
| Commercial | [illegible] | [illegible] | N J Copper | 1 | — |
| N Liberty | [illegible] | [illegible] | N W Min Co | [illegible] | — |
| Mechanics | 29¼ | [illegible] | | | |

## The Markets.

### PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, May 10, 1851.

REMARKS.—There has been more activity in the market since our last report. Cotton has been in good demand, and a portion of the late decline has been recovered. Breadstuffs have been dull and in limited request. In Groceries there has been more doing, and the sales of Sugar and Molasses have been large. Provisions of all descriptions have been in good demand, and prices tend upward. The difficulties between the Reading Railroad and Schuylkill Navigation still continue unsettled, and the present unsatisfactory state of affairs must ultimately lead to an injury to the revenues of both companies. The Money market continues abundantly supplied with capital. The receipts at the Banks have been large, and they use their means liberally for the accommodation of their customers. The limited amount of good paper not taken by the Banks is readily negotiated out of doors at 7 to 9 per cent. The exports of Specie continue large, but this is more than counterbalanced by the steady influx of California gold dust. Our Banks have been doing a large and prosperous business during the past six months, and have declared large dividends. Exchange on England is firm at 110a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been moderate. There has been rather more export demand, and prices have advanced 6¼c per bbl from the lowest point. Sales of 7,000 bbls standard and good brands early in the week at $4,25a4 31¼, and some at $4,37½. Sales for city consumption have been limited at $4.37½a4,50 for common and select brands; $4 62½a5 for extra, and $5,12½a6 for fancy New York. Rye Flour has declined to $3 37½, about 900 bbls of a better brand sold at $3,56¼. Corn Meal is but little inquired after, and has declined. Sales of 900 barrels at $2,81¼.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 8th inst., comprised—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wheat Flour, | bbls | 18 081 |
| do. | half bbls | 713 |
| Rye Flour, | bbls | [illegible] |
| Corn Meal, | bbls | 4,585 |
| do. | half bbls | 16 |
| do. | hhds | [illegible] |

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat has been limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 12,000 bushels prime Pennsylvania white at $1,01a1,03, and ordinary and fair red at 95a98c. Rye has been in good demand, and 3,000 bushels sold at 69a70c per bushel. Corn—The receipts have been small. There has been an active demand and prices are steady. Sales of 15,000 bushels yellow, mostly at 64½ cts, including some in store at 65c. Oats have been in fair request, and 12,000 bushels sold at 45c afloat, and 46 cts per bushel in store.

PROVISIONS—Pork is held firmly. Sales of 600 bbls Mess at $16,50a16,87½, and Prime at $14,50 per bbl. In Beef no change. Bacon is in good demand, and prices tend upward. Sales of 600 casks Hams at 9½a11½c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides 9a9½, and Shoulders 7½c for smoked, and 6½a7c per lb in salt. Lard has advanced; sales of 500 bbls New Western at 10c; 200 kegs at 11½c, and some Old at 10½ cts per lb, 4 months. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is a fair amount of business doing among the Job houses, but prices have undergone no change. The stock of both Cotton and Woollen Goods are quite moderate.

BARK—There has been a fair demand for Quercitron and prices are steady; sales of 250 hhds No. 1 at $32 per ton. In Tanners' Bark no change.

BEESWAX—Is in demand; sales of 3,000 lbs good Yellow at 26c per lb cash.

CANDLES—The demand for both Sperm and Tallow is limited at our former quotations. There has been an active demand for Adamantine, and 1,000 boxes sold at 20c 4 mos, now held at 23c.

COAL—There is no new feature to present in the market; supplies are coming forward freely both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 17½c per bushel.

COFFEE—There has been a moderate demand, and prices are steady; sales of 3,000 bags Laguayra and 2,000 St. Domingo on terms kept private.

COPPER—Small sales of English Sheathing at 21a21½c, and Yellow Metal at 18½c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—There was more activity in the market in the early part of the week, prices have advanced fully ½c per lb, but since the receipt of the steamers advices, prices have been unsettled; sales of 800 bales Upland and New Orleans at 10a13½c, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The market has been quiet and prices of the leading articles have undergone no change.

FEATHERS—Are scarce and in good demand; sales of good and prime Western at 37a38c per lb, cash.

FISH—There is a moderate demand for Mackerel from store, and prices are firmer; sales of No. 1 at $10,75; No. 2 $9,75a10, and No. 3 at $6,75a7 per bbl. Codfish sell in small lots at 2½a3c per lb.

FRUIT—The market has been very quiet, and the sales of all descriptions of Foreign have been on a very restricted scale. A cargo of Palermo Oranges has arrived, which were previously disposed of on private terms. Dried Peaches are dull; sales of 800 bushels unpared Western halves at $1,50a1,62½. Dried Apples sell in lots at 90ca$1 per bushel.

GINSENG—Continues scarce and in demand; a small sale of Crude at 45c per lb cash.

GUANO—Is in limited request without change in prices.

HEMP—The market continues inactive, and no sales worthy of notice have transpired.

HIDES—An import of 1,500 Laguayra have arrived, which were previously contracted for, on terms kept secret.

HOPS—Are firmer. Sales of Eastern and Western in lots at 40a42c per lb.

INDIGO—The market has been quiet, but prices are firm.

IRON—The market continues excessively dull, and prices are barely supported. Sales of 900 tons Anthracite Nos. 1 and 2 at $21,50a20 per ton, including 500 tons suitable for car wheels at $20, 6 mos. In Bar and Boiler Iron the sales are limited, without change in prices.

LEAD—Is dull and has declined 25c per lb. Sales of 4,700 pigs Galena at $4,75, equal to cash.

LEATHER—There is a fair demand for Spanish Sole at 18a19, and Slaughter at 22a23c per lb.

LUMBER—As the building season advances, there is an increased demand for all descriptions, but without any material change in prices.

There was shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 3d inst. Feet 1,173,654
Previously, 3,077,484
Total, 4,251,138

MOLASSES—There has been a good demand and with limited supplies prices have advanced. Sales of 800 hhds Cuba at 29a29½; Cienfuegos 28, and Porto Rico at 32c on time.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 1,500 bbls Rosin at $1.30 per bbl for common, and $1,37½a2,25 for Soap. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is in steady demand at 37a38c, cash and on time.

OILS—Fish Oils are held firmly, and further sales of Crude Whale have been made at 46a47c. Lard Oil has advanced, and 7a800 bbls Winter sold at 73 cts on time. Linseed Oil is dull at 78a79c.

PLASTER—A small import of Soft sold at $2,37½ per ton, which is an advance.

RICE—There has been a fair demand, and prices are firm. Sales of 400 casks at 3¼a3½ cts per lb on time.

SALT—An import of 3,800 sacks Liverpool ground, and one of 1,200 sacks Ashton's fine sold on private terms.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed continues limited. Small sales of fair and prime quality at $5,25a5,37½ per 64 lbs. Timothy is dull at $3, and Flaxseed at $1,53.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are in limited request at former quotations. N. E. Rum sells in lots at 26c. Whiskey is in steady demand. Sales of bbls at 23¼ and hhds at 22a22½c.

SUGAR—There has been an active demand and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 1,300 hhds Cuba, Porto Rico and New Orleans within the range of 5a6½c per lb, all on time.

TALLOW—Is in good demand. Sales of Rendered at 7¼a7½c per lb.

TEAS—There has been no material change worthy of notice in the market.

TOBACCO—The market is firm, but the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured have been on a very restricted scale.

WINES—Market quiet. Small sales of Sweet and Dry Malaga at 40a45cts, and Port within the range of 60a$1, as in quality.

WOOL—There is no material change to notice in the market. The stock in the desirable kinds is nearly exhausted, and the manufacturers only purchase for the supply of their immediate wants in anticipation of lower prices. The sales only amount to 20,000 lbs in small lots, mostly at a decline on former quotations.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool but little offering. We quote Flour 1s6d a 2s per bbl; Grain 4d a 5d per bushel, and Heavy Goods at 25s per ton. Coastwise are in good demand to load to the East at $1,50a1,60 to Boston; $1,25 to Rhode Island, and 50c per ton to New York.—*Register.*

### CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 12—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. Beeves are selling from $6,50 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 300 head in market, and sold from $6½ to 6,75 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $16 to 35. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.


WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, in addition to being one of the best anti-bilious medicines in the world, possess a power in removing pain, which is truly astonishing. Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time completely rid the body of those morbid humors which, if lodged in the liver, are the cause of pain in the side, sometimes extending to the shoulder blade, difficulty of breathing, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, flatulency, swarthy or yellow complexion, and other symptoms of an inflamed or torpid state of the liver.

*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* also thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious humors, and other impurity, and therefore are a certain cure for colic, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other disorders of the intestines.

For sale by agents in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.


### ALMANAC.

| May, 1851. | Sun rises | Sun sets | High water | Moon's phases |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 17 Saturday | 4 52 | 7 6 | 2 26 | |
| 18 Sunday | 4 51 | 7 9 | 4 49 | D. H. M. |
| 19 Monday | 4 50 | 7 10 | 5 42 | New 1 4 7 |
| 20 Tuesday | 4 49 | 6 11 | 6 33 | First 8 5 40 |
| 21 Wed'day | 4 48 | 7 12 | 7 21 | Full 15 3 12 |
| 22 Thursday | 4 48 | 7 12 | 8 8 | Last 22 8 12 |
| 23 Friday | 4 47 | 7 13 | 8 51 | New 30 3 50 |
| 24 Saturday | 4 46 | 7 14 | 9 36 | |

### STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

| | 9 o'clock. | 12 o'clock. | 3 o'clock. |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 4, | 56 | 60 | 59 |
| 5, | 44 | 44 | 42 |
| 6, | 53 | 60 | 56 |
| 7, | 53 | 59 | 63 |
| 8, | 58 | 67 | 71 |
| 9, | 60 | 78 | 82 |
| 10, | 66 | 80 | 87 |

## Marriages.

On the morning of the 8th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, before Mayor Gilpin, DAVID M. CHAMBERS, to MARY BRICK, daughter of John R. Brick, all of this city.

On Thursday, the 1st inst. by Charles Gilpin, Esq. Mayor, DANIEL C. GUNKLE to ELIZABETH ANN ENTRIKIN, both of Chester county, Pa.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, on the 7th inst. at the residence of her father, Miss CAROLINE ELIZABETH, daughter of Robert Speir, Esq. to LEONARD CASSELL MCPHAIL, M. D. late surgeon U. S. Army.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. FREDERIC WILCOX, to Miss HARRIET, daughter of Wm. Harvey, Esq.

On the 6th inst. by the Hon. Chas. Gilpin, Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, CHARLES H. MCCURDY, to LIZZIE S. NEALL, daughter of Saml. W. Neall, all of this city.

In Cazenovia, N. Y. on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, THEOPHILUS FISKE, of Philadelphia, to SUSAN, daughter of the late Hon. Justin Dwinelle, of the former place.

On the 6th inst. at the Roxborough Baptist Parsonage, by the Rev. Thos. Winter, Mr. ISAAC J. DILL, to Miss MARTHA THOMAS, both of Manayunk.

On the 29th ult. at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. H. B. Barrow, Mr. JOSEPH MILLER, of Norristown, to EMMA, daughter of John Lloyd, of Philadelphia.

At Roxborough, at the residence of Mr. Benjamin Mattis, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. L. Walton, Mr. JOSEPH S. HOLLOWAY, to Miss ELIZA MATTIS, both of Roxborough.

On the 21st ult. Mr. ALEX. MCCAULEY, to Miss ELIZABETH HALLIDAY.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. ROBERT CARTER, to Miss MARY ANN LUPOLD, all of Spring Garden.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. James Sewell, Mr. BENJAMIN M. BROWN, to Miss MARY H. MCEWEN, all of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Felix J. Barbelin, JOSEPH E. MCILHENNEY, Jr. to LIZZIE J. MCCAULEY, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. John Welsh, Mr. JOHN HAINES of Germantown, to Miss SARAH A. SMITH, of Southwark.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM THOMPSON, to Mrs. CATHARINE JONES.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Castle, Mr. WILLIAM REZELL, to Miss ELIZABETH BROCK, all of Spring Garden, Philadelphia county.

## Deaths.

On the 6th inst. Mr. WILLIAM A. [illegible].
On the 7th inst. HARRIET, daughter of the late Capt. Wm. [illegible].
On the 9th inst. Mrs. DEBORAH KING, aged 83.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARY L. DUFFIELD, aged 69.
In Camden, N. J. on the 7th inst. ELIZABETH R. DAVIS, aged 7 years.
On the 9th inst. Miss MARIA C. BAKER.
On the 7th inst. LOUIS, son of Seth P. and Rebecca Holloway, aged 9 months.
On the 6th inst. JOHN A. MOORE, aged 77 years.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. MARIA T. wife of H. Wilson, aged 31 years.
On the 7th inst. Mr. MORRIS H. TINDALL, aged 25.
On the 7th inst. JOHN MCCALLA, aged 57 years.
On the 7th inst. Mrs. LUCINDA B. wife of N. B. Suplee.
On the 7th inst. JOHN J. COTTRINGER, aged 63.
On the 6th inst. FLORA PANCOAST, aged 73 years.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. AMANDA WALTERS, wife of Mr. Valentine [illegible], aged 24 years.
On the 6th inst. JOHN YOUNG, son of Geo. W. and Henrietta Story, aged 18 months.
On the 6th inst. MARY ANN, wife of James Kane, aged 43 years.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. ANASTATIA OMARA, aged 66.
On the 5th inst. Mr. HENRY HULANDS, aged 61.
On the 5th inst. MARY, wife of Joseph Barlow, aged 56 years.
On the 6th inst. Miss ALICIA A. PRESCOTT, aged 23.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Jas. Neal, aged 32 years.
On the 7th inst. Mr. DANIEL FAULLIN, aged 61.
On the 7th inst. JOHN A. J. LEWIS, Jr. aged 5.
On the 6th inst. JOHN MARTIN, aged 25 years.
On the 7th inst. MARY A. GARDNER, aged 21.
On the 7th WILLIAM B. WILSON, M. D.
On the 6th inst. MARY, wife of D. M. Paddock.
On the 6th inst. MARIA WHITE, wife of Charles H. Craige, aged 23 years.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. MARY HAROLD, aged 36.
On the 5th inst. SAMUEL SEES, aged 50 years.
On the 5th inst. ROBERT SMITH, aged 81 years.
On the 4th inst. Mrs. REBECCA MAXWELL, aged 42.
On the 4th inst. WILLIAM A. TRUMP, aged 44.
On the 4th inst. ANN HILL.
On the 6th inst. JOHN GOODCHILD, aged 5 years and 6 months.
On the 7th inst. SARAH JANE, wife of C. Brackney, aged 27 years.
On the 5th inst. ANNA, wife of Chas. Kelly.
On the 5th inst. JAMES TAYLOR, aged 25 years.

### DEATHS IN CALIFORNIA.

On Dry Creek, March 23d, Mrs. Matilda Hinkson, wife of Andw. H. Hinkson, aged 36; March 29, Mr. Wm. C. Tompson, of Ky., aged 25.

At Sonora, March 7, Wm. Anderson, a native of Memphis, Tenn.

On board the United States ship Warren, on the 15th of March, Lieut. William H. Thompson, U. S. Navy.

At Mormon Gulch, March 9th, Colonel John O. Roberts, of Ashville; 17th March, Mrs. Mary C. Martin, of St. James, Louisiana, aged 26; March 13, Geo. W. Davidson, aged 21.

At Victoria, China, Dec. 11th, Commander J. M. R. Ince, of H. M. brig Pilot. Dec. 21st, Lieut. Col. Nevitt, Royal Artillery.

LIST OF DEATHS IN SACRAMENTO CITY—For the week ending the 15th March. March 11—Rebecca J. Howard, 5 months, Sacramento City; 12, child of H. Cork, 2 months, city; 12, J. McDonald, 22, Scotland; 15, two strangers, unknown; 15, Mr. Orlando Bremigem, of Akron, O., aged 38.

March 3d, at Rose's Bar, Yuba River, Mr. Donald Henderson, aged about 42.

March 1st, Miss Martha B. Hall, aged 15, of Vicksburg, Miss.

At Honolulu, Feb. 7th, John W. Millet, aged 41.

At Victoria, Hong Kong, Feb. 17, J. Juanes Petrelo, late of N. York city, in his 25th year.

At Shanghai, Feb. 2, Capt. C. H. Cooksey, of the American bark Huntingdon.

At Shanghai, Feb. 19, W. F. Robinson, Esq., of Salem, Mass., aged 35.

At Victoria, Hong Kong, Jan. 31, Elizabeth, wife of Saml. Clifton, Chief of Police.

Deaths in Sacramento City, during the week ending March 23: March 17, Richard Ridgway, 21, Missouri; 19, John B. Sargeant, 28, Cincinnati; 19, John F. Tibbitts, 30, Iowa; 20, Patrick Ryan, 32, Iowa; 23, Lemuel S. Leet, 20, Missouri.

LIST OF DEATHS IN SAN FRANCISCO, since the sailing of the last steamer, reported for the Alta, by N. Gray, City Sexton, Sacramento Street near Dupont: March 15, M. A. Rand, New York, 37; 16, Lieut W. H. Thompson, U. S. Navy, 29; Madame Larmone, France, 28; Louis Ratoni, 40; 17, J. McBride, Philadelphia, 44; Mrs. Martin, Louisiana, 38; Mrs. Mary Ann Day, Iowa, 35; 20, Thomas Anderson, Indiana, 42; 21, James Morrow, Prince Edward Island, 29; George Wilson, New York City, 40; 22, Samuel Payne, Connecticut, 40; 23, Theodore Cramer, Germany, 31; Wm. H. Carr, 40; Leonard Bruce, Maine, 25; 24, Mr. Chase, Missouri, 60; John W. Clark, 12, 35; John Smith, Boston, 35; 27, Anthony H. Brooks, England, 29; Wm. Armstrong, Scotland, 42; Jose Lobo, Chili, 38; Capt. Elijah M. Jarvis, Texas, 59; John Whittall, Liverpool, England, 25; J. J. Deshon, Chili, 18; 28, infant daughter of Capt. J. M. Smith; unknown man, clothes marked J. P., 45; Boniface Baldia, Mexico, 25; Leopold Lambuck, France, 42; C. R. Dunn, Connecticut, 22; J. J. Harreliges, Sweden, 36.

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**S. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS,**
PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for Style, Durability and elegance of Finish cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

*Southern and Western Merchants* will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Omnibusses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.

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### TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, James Taylor, Fervis Lodo, W. Ramsey, Dr. Judd's Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws,* and *R. S. Graham.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by *James O. Lewis* and *D. R. Goodwin.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, R. A. Reeves, John T. Jenkins, P. Lado, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button,* and *Thos. D. Nice.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

JOHN MAJOR will receive new subscriptions in Missouri and Illinois.

**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST** MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
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Of ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorised travelling agents.

## Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 36 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1851.

| | |
|---|---|
| **PENNSYLVANIA.** | |
| Philadelphia banks | par |
| U S bank notes | 13 dis |
| Chambersburg | ½ dis |
| York | ½ dis |
| Berks county | no sale |
| Gettysburg | ½ dis |
| Carlisle | ½ dis |
| Lewistown | no sale |
| Brownsville | ½ dis |
| Pittsburg | ½ dis |
| Waynesburg | ½ dis |
| Washington | ½ dis |
| Erie | 1½ dis |
| Susquehanna co'nty | failed |
| Lebanon | par |
| Lehigh county bk | no sale |
| Towanda | no sale |
| Honesdale | ½ dis |
| Harrisburg | ½ dis |
| West Branch | par |
| Wyoming | par |
| Middletown | par |
| Northampton | no sale |
| Schuylkill Haven | par |
| Pottsville | par |
| Danville | ½ dis |
| Relief notes | [illegible] |
| **NEW JERSEY.** | |
| Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford, | par |
| Plainfield | closed |
| State bk at Morris | failed |
| Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Prth Amboy | ¼ dis |
| Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Brun. | [illegible] |
| N Hope, Del Bridge | failed |
| Yard. Del Br'ge co | 10 dis |
| **DELAWARE.** | |
| All solvent banks | par |
| Del City bk under5's | ½ dis |
| Other small | ½ dis |
| **MARYLAND.** | |
| Baltimore banks | ½ dis |
| Mineral bank | ½ dis |
| Salisbury | uncertain |
| Cecil bank | ½ dis |
| Frederick county | ½ dis |
| Cumberland | ½ dis |
| Washington county | ½ dis |
| Hagerstown | ½ dis |
| Havre-de-Grace | failed |
| Far & Millers bk | no sale |
| **DIST. OF COLUMBIA.** | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| **NEW YORK.** | |
| City banks | par a ¼ dis |
| Country banks | ½ dis |
| **MAINE.** | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| **NEW HAMPSHIRE.** | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| **VERMONT.** | |
| Bank of St Albans | ½ dis |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| **CONNECTICUT.** | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| **MASSACHUSETTS.** | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| Pawtucket bk | failed |
| Dorchester and Milton [illegible] notes | no sale |
| **RHODE ISLAND.** | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| Phenix bk, Westerly union notes | no sale |
| **CANADA.** | |
| Montreal | 3 dis |
| **VIRGINIA.** | |
| Bk of Va&branches | 1a1½ |
| Far bk & branches | 1a1½ |
| Valley bk & branch | 1a1½ |
| Ex'ch bk & branches | 1a1½ |
| Wheeling | 1a1½ |
| **NORTH CAROLINA.** | |
| All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 1½ dis |
| **SOUTH CAROLINA.** | |
| So West R R | 1½ dis |
| All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 1½ dis |
| **GEORGIA.** | |
| Bk of St. Mary's | 1½ dis |
| Central bk of Mill | 1½ dis |
| Georgia R R Co | 1½ dis |
| Ruckersville bk | [illegible] |
| All solvent banks | 1 dis |
| Small notes | 1½ dis |
| **ALABAMA.** | |
| Bk of Mobile | 1½ dis |
| Country banks | 3 dis |
| **MISSISSIPPI.** | |
| All banks | uncertain |
| **LOUISIANA.** | |
| All solvent bks | 1½ dis |
| **FLORIDA.** | |
| So. Lif & Trust Co | — |
| **OHIO.** | |
| Bk of Wooster | 20 dis |
| Bk Norwalk | 25 dis |
| Com bk of Scioto | 15 dis |
| All solvent bks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 1½ dis |
| **KENTUCKY.** | |
| All solvent bks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 1½ dis |
| **INDIANA.** | |
| State bank | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 1½ dis |
| **ILLINOIS.** | |
| Bank of Illinois | 60 dis |
| State bank | 70 dis |
| Bank of Cairo | — |
| **MISSOURI.** | |
| All solvent bks | 1½ dis |
| **TENNESSEE.** | |
| All solvent bks | 2½ dis |
| Bk East Tenn. | 10 dis |
| **MICHIGAN.** | |
| Bk of St Clair | no sale |
| Far's & Mech's | 3 dis |
| Gen. Stockbk | uncertain |
| **ARKANSAS.** | |
| All banks | no sale |
| **WISCONSIN.** | |
| Mineral Point | — |
| Bank of Milwaukie | — |
| **IOWA** | |
| Miners bank | — |


BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT PRIVATE SALE—GREEN HILL.—Late the residence of Benjamin Webb, deceased.—Situate on the Kennett turnpike, 1½ miles from Wilmington, Del. The buildings, which are large and substantial, and in good order, comprise every thing necessary for comfort and convenience. The farm contains 30 acres of land, in a high state of cultivation; an orchard of apple, pear and peach trees, in bearing order, &c., &c. An omnibus connected with the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, passes the door several times a day. Inquire of JAMES WEBB, Wilmington, Del., or EDWARD WEBB, on the premises. 1t

TUPPER'S COMPLETE WORKS, VOL. II.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY

An Authors Mind, Miscellaneous Essays and Probabilities, being volume second of Tupper's Complete Works—Authorized Edition. Price One Dollar.

Vol. third will be published next week, and will contain Ballads for the Times, Hactenus, Thousand Lines, Geraldine and other Poems, and will be embellished with a new and elegant portrait of the author. Engraved by Sartain.

Vol. fourth (and last) will also be published next week, and will contain Proverbial Philosophy, a Modern Pyramid, and King Alfred's Poems. It will be embellished with an elegant engraving of Albury, the author's residence.

Vol. I. Published last week, contains the Crock of Gold, The Twins and Heart.

For sale by all booksellers.

E. H. BUTLER & Co.,
my17 23 Minor Street.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

IT was known many years ago that the wild cherry tree of this climate possessed valuable medicinal properties. Indeed, this fact was known to the aborigines, and decoction of the leaves or bark of this tree has ever been regarded by their physicians as one of the most effectual remedies in many diseases. This fact several years since, arrested the attention of Dr Wistar, a highly respectable practitioner of Virginia. He investigated with care the healing properties of the wild cherry, tested its effects when administered alone, and when in combination with other remedial agents. He found that its natural virtues might be greatly improved, and by combining it with ingredients, whose properties were well proved and generally recognized, a medicine was produced which constitutes a remedy of great value in pulmonary affections and diseases of the chest and throat—diseases which are proverbially prevalent in our cities and large towns, and often prove fatal, swelling the bills of mortality to a much greater extent than is the case with most others, we had almost said all other classes of diseases.

EXAMINE CLOSELY BEFORE PURCHASING

The genuine Balsam is put up in bottles, with the words "DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, Phila," blown in the glass,—each bottle bearing a label on the front, with the signature of H. WISTAR, M. D.

This will be enveloped hereafter with a wrapper copy-right secured 1844, on which will always appear the written signature of "I. BUTTS." Any one counterfeiting the label or wrapper, or forging the signature of the General Agent, will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law.

For sale by the gross or dozen, by Lees Smith & Co., No. 5 North 3d street. Also, by Chas. Schaffer, Market street, and Fredk. Brown, 5th and Chestnut, Philadelphia, by A. B. & D. Sands, New York, and by Canly & Bartlett, Baltimore.

BOOKS OF PERMANENT VALUE.

☞ *To Clergymen, Postmasters, Teachers of Sabbath Schools, Book Agents, Students and Heads of Families.*

SEARS' AMERICAN

PICTORIAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT,

REMOVED to 181 WILLIAM STREET, (near Spruce,) NEW YORK.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The subscriber publishes a large number of most valuable Books, very popular, and of such a moral and religious influence that while good men may safely engage in their circulation they will confer a *public benefit*, and receive a *fair compensation* for their labor.

☞ To young men of enterprise and tact, this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with. There is not a town in the Union where a right honest and well disposed person can fail selling from 50 to 200 volumes, according to the population. ap26-4t

They are too numerous to be described in this advertisement. Persons wishing to engage in the sale of them, will receive promptly by mail a circular containing full descriptions, with the terms on which they will be furnished, by addressing the Publisher, *post-paid*.

ROBERT SEARS,
181 William street, New York.

☞ Persons residing out of New York, when visiting the city, are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock of BOOKS, and see the LOW PRICES at which the same are sold. R. S.

JOHN F. ORAM & Co.,

LADIES' SHOE MANUFACTURERS,

No. 37 North THIRD Street,

PHILADELPHIA,

WOULD call the attention of Merchants and Dealers generally, to their large assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' BOOTS and SHOES, manufactured of the best materials, and under their own superintendence.

J. F. ORAM,
J. L. TAYLOR.

*A variety of New Styles and Fancy SHOES constantly on hand.* jan18-4m

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

| | |
|---|---|
| COATS, | $[illegible] TO $[illegible] |
| VESTS, | [illegible] |
| PANTALOONS, | [illegible] |

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. [illegible]

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS THIS DAY disposed of his interest in the BOOK AND STATIONERY BUSINESS in this city, to C. G. HENDERSON & Co., who will continue the same at his old Old Stand, and he solicits for them a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him.

GEORGE S. APPLETON.

*Philadelphia, May 1st, 1851.*

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

CHARLES G. HENDERSON, late with GEO. S. APPLETON, and JOHN A. ROBINSON, late with URIAH HUNT & SON, have this day entered into Partnership, under the name and firm of C. G. HENDERSON & CO. for the purpose of transacting the BOOKSELLING, PUBLISHING, IMPORTING AND STATIONERY BUSINESS.

*Philadelphia, May 1st, 1851.*

CIRCULAR.

The Subscribers take pleasure in announcing to their friends and the public, that they have purchased from Mr. GEORGE S. APPLETON, the entire valuable stock of BOOKS AND STATIONERY, of the well-known, and extensively patronized establishment, No. 164 CHESNUT Street, corner of SEVENTH, where they intend continuing the business on an enlightened and liberal scale, presenting to the cultivated taste of the lovers of the beautiful and useful, attractions of the highest order.

Their shelves will be found exceedingly rich and full in all the various departments of *Literature*, and additions will be constantly made, from the Trade Sales, and by purchase in large quantities from publishers, enabling them to supply their customers with the best books on the most reasonable terms. New books will be received immediately upon publication.

☞ Orders from Libraries promptly and carefully filled, on the most liberal terms.

They would also particularly solicit attention to their large and varied assortment of Letter, Note and Billet Papers, and Envelopes, of which the latest and most fashionable Patterns will be received direct, by steamer, from the most celebrated manufactories in Europe. Purchasers may have their Initials beautifully embossed, without extra expense. From their long experience in the Book trade, and the connection of one of the partners with the establishment, from the commencement, by Mr. G. S. Appleton, they feel confident, that by assiduous attention to business, they will be able to anticipate the wishes and supply the wants of all who may favor them with their patronage. C. G. HENDERSON & Co.

CHARLES G. HENDERSON,
JOHN A. ROBINSON. my10-4t

AN ASTONISHING CURE OF EPILEPSY.—Copy of a Letter from Mr. Monroe F. Worden, dated

FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y. March 10th, 1851.

*Dr. D. Jayne*—Dear Sir—In justice to yourself and the public, I deem it my duty to give you a statement of the disease and cure of my child, so that others in similar cases may be led to use the same remedies.

In May, 1849, my child, aged three years, was taken with FALLING DOWN, and for an instant appeared to be helpless. I immediately applied to a physician, but the child grew worse, and his disease assumed the form of violent CONVULSION FITS, which would last on him about one and a half minutes. Whilst having them, he would be stiff and rigid, and which left him afterwards perfectly helpless for a short time. He continued to grow rapidly worse, so that in the forepart of July he could scarcely walk. I then secured the services of two of the most celebrated physicians of Syracuse, who, in consultation with others, prescribed for him for some time. They decided his case to be a combination of EPILEPSY and CHOREA.* Nearly all the physicians in the vicinity called to see him, as it was a case that excited a great deal of interest. His FITS increased in frequency and severity, prostrating him more and more, so that by the middle of August he was more helpless than an infant, being unable to move or raise an arm, *having over thirty fits in a day*. His case was pronounced hopeless by almost every one, and it was thought he could not live more than a week or two.

After every remedy and every kind of treatment had completely failed to cure him, I decided on giving him your medicines, which I procured of your agent, Mr. McVicar. I gave him your Vermifuge, Alterative and Sanative Pills, according to directions. In a few weeks he began to improve, his fits becoming less frequent and less severe, until about the last of February, 1850, when they entirely left him, going off gradually, while at the same time he steadily gained in strength until about the first of May, when he began to walk a little. He has continued on improving ever since, and is now as active as other children of his age. I wish you to publish this for the benefit of others; and if any one should feel anxious to know more of this case, I shall be happy to answer any communication addressed to me, post-paid, at Fayetteville, Onondaga county, N. Y.

Most respectfully yours, MONROE F. WORDEN.

I have been familiarly acquainted with the case of Mr. Worden's child, as described in his testimony. I regarded the child as fatally the victim of EPILEPSY. His cure has been surprising, and to all appearance is attributable to Dr. Jayne's Medicines. He now promises fair for a perfect recovery. I add that Mr. Worden's testimony is worthy of all credit.

RUFUS F. CLEVELAND,
Late Pastor of the Presbyterian Church,
Fayetteville, N. Y.

All the above Medicines are prepared and sold at JAYNE'S Eight-story Granite Building, No. 84 CHESNUT Street, below Third. my3-1m

* St. Vitus' or St. Anthony's Dance.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of

WATCHES,

| | |
|---|---|
| Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from | $40 to 120 |
| " " 18 carat cases from | 30 to 120 |
| Silver " | 15 to 30 |
| Lepine | 10 to 15 |

And others at lower rates than the above.

JEWELRY,

Gold Chains of every pattern and variety. Medallions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes. Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings &c.

SILVER WARE.

This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.

Table, Dessert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.

Table, Dessert and Tea Forks.

Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE.

A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.

Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor and Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.

S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut Street, between Second
my 31y and Third, (south side,) Phila.

NEW YORK WIRE RAILING WORKS—WOVEN IRON RAILING is the most beautiful enclosure for *Public or Private grounds, Farms, Cemeteries, Balconies, Verandahs, Window Guards and Grating for Stores, Dwellings, Lunatic Asylums, Prisons, Steamships, &c. &c., Iron Bedsteads, Coal and Ore Screens, &c. &c.* For elegance combined with strength, for the beauty of its innumerable variety of designs, and especially for cheapness (at one half the cost of cast iron) it is unrivalled by anything ever offered to the public. Prices 30 cents to 2 dollars per lineal foot.

WIRE FENCES, with Iron Posts

For enclosing RAILROADS, FARMS, PARKS, LAWNS, &c. which are becoming extensively used. This fence is made on an entirely new plan, being portable, yet secure. The whole may be taken down and transported with the same facility as ordinary iron rods. Price 9 to 16 cts per lineal foot 4½ feet high.

IRON BEDSTEADS

Manufactured on an entirely new plan; the advantages combined in the Bedstead; the cheapness, lightness, ease and portability, being so constructed with joints as to fold up into a convenient compass; their entire freedom from the summer annoyances peculiar to the wooden varieties, the small space required by them, and their highly ornamental appearance, particularly adapted to the Southern country.

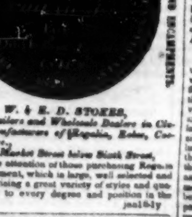
WROUGHT AND CAST IRON RAILING finished to order.

Designs and and circulars forwarded by addressing the works, 59 and 61 Lewis St. Warehouse 359 Broadway, Agents C. B. CONANTS & Co., 315 Pearl St., N. Y.

Proprietor and manufacturer
JOHN B. WICKERSHAM,
fe22-3m 359 Broadway, New York.

I. O. O. F.

MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA



FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,

*Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing. Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c., &c.,*

*No. 194 Market Street below Sixth Street,*

would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan18-1y

CAMBLOS & BROTHERS,

EXCHANGE BANKERS,

No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.

BILLS, NOTES and DRAFTS, throughout the United States, will be promptly collected; and EXCHANGE on all the Principal Cities, furnished at the lowest possible rates. jan 4-1y

MISS JANE MILLER would call the attention of purchasers to her STRAW and FANCY MILLINERY Establishment, 89 North SECOND St. A large assortment of Bonnets, Caps, Children's Hats, Flowers, and a variety of Fancy Articles, which she will sell at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail. Ladies who are disposed to patronize their own sex, are particularly solicited.

N. B.—Bonnets repaired. my10-1y

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.

The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., just received at the old stand, No. 15 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.

WATCHES.

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat cases, $30 and upwards.
Gold Lepine Watches, jeweled, do. do. $20 and upwards.
Silver Lever Watches, $12 and upwards.
Silver Lepine Watches, $9 and upwards.
And others at lower prices than the above.

JEWELRY.

Gold Chains of every pattern and price, Medallions, double and single Glasses suitable for miniatures and Daguerreotypes.

Necklaces, Bracelets, Breast Pins, Ear and Finger Rings of every description and price.

Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver cases, Gold and Silver Pencils, &c.

Also, Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, Butter Knives, &c., equal to coin, and German Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, &c., &c., all at the lowest prices.

Orders from the country, accompanied with the money, promptly attended to.

GEORGE RUSSEL,
No. 15 N. Sixth opposite Commerce St., Phila.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

For the Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

THIS REMEDY IS OFFERED TO THE community with the confidence we feel in an article which seldom fails to realize the happiest effects that can be desired. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind, is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs, which are incident to our climate. And not only in the formidable attacks upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of COLDS, COUGHS, HOARSENESS, &c., and for CHILDREN it is the pleasantest and safest medicine that can be obtained. No family should be without it, and those who have used it, never will.

Read the opinion of the following gentlemen, who will be recognized in the various sections of country where they are located—each and all as merchants of the first class and of the highest character—as the oldest and most extensive Wholesale Dealers in Medicine with an experience unlimited on the subject of which they speak.

*We the undersigned, Wholesale Druggists, having been for a long time acquainted with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, hereby certify our belief that it is the best and most effectual remedy for Pulmonary Complaints ever offered to the American People. And we would, from our knowledge of its composition, and extensive usefulness, cordially commend it to the afflicted as worthy their best confidence, and with the firm conviction that it will do for their relief all that can be done.*

HENSHAW, EDMANDS & Co., Boston, Mass.
REED & COFFIN, Baltimore, Maryland.
HAVILAND, HARRALL & Co., Charleston, S. C.
JACOB S. FARRAND, Detroit, Michigan.
T. H. McALLISTER, Louisville, Kentucky.
JAMES THOMAS, Mobile, Alabama.
HAVILAND, RISLEY & Co., Augusta, Georgia.
J. M. TOWNSEND, Pittsburg, Penn.
CHASE & Co., Chicago, Illinois.
JOHN GILBERT & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Z. D. & W. H. GILMAN, Washington, D. C.
J. WRIGHT & Co., New Orleans, La.
LEWIS & AKER, Tallahassee, Florida.
E. S. STRONG, Knoxville, Tennessee.
N. D. LABADIE, Galveston, Texas.
JOS. M. TURNER, Savannah, Ga.
WADE, ECKSTEIN & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES:
J. G. CORVIN & Co., Valparaiso, Chili.
FRED. RIVAS & Co., Bogota, New Granada.
MORTON & Co., Halifax, Nova Scotia.
C. G. SALINAS & Co., Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

With such assurance, and from such men, no stronger proof can be adduced, except that found in its effects upon trial.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per bottle. Six bottles for $5. ap26-3t

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $28.00 and over.
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case, $24.00 and over.
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled $12.00 and over.
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.
Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.50 to $5.00 and over.
Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.
" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.

Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.

STAUFFER & HARLEY,
Successors to O. Conrad,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.
mar3-ly

MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant, scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a

DEPURATIVE REMEDY

seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula, and all the various diseases arising from an

IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

ALSO ALL

BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,

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Dr. Swayne: Dear Sir—Having contracted a severe cold, which settled upon my lungs, attended with a violent cough, pain in my side and breast, difficulty of breathing, I was attended by physicians of the first respectability, but my symptoms became very alarming, there was an abscess in my lungs and made its way through my side, and discharged large quantities of pus externally, so that my physician thought the power of functions of one of my lungs were totally destroyed—therefore supposed the case entirely hopeless. This mournful state of things continued for a long time, until I was wasted and worn to a skeleton. I had tried a number of remedies, but all failed to do any good. But there still being a spark of hope left with me and my anxious parents, and having heard of the great virtues of your COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, and its being approved of by physicians of the first eminence, I concluded to make a trial of it, and to my great satisfaction, my cough gradually grew better, the hole in my side began to heal, and I am now happy to say, from a poor and almost hopeless skeleton, I have become healthy, and weigh more than I ever have. All my neighbors can testify to the above fact.

ABRAHAM [illegible],
Two miles from Shippensville, Shippack Township, Penn.

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## Selected Poetry.

### TRAILING ARBUTUS.

[illegible]

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snowdrift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low South Wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew;
Starlight unimpassioned;
Dawn's most tender hue;
And scented by the winds that gathered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from Nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

April 1[illegible], 18[illegible]. S. W. H.

## Selected Articles.

### HOW TO BE IDOLIZED.

#### A STRANGE STORY.

The hyperbole of being "idolized" was never, perhaps, made a literal truth in so striking a manner as is shown in the following story; for which we are indebted to a French author.

In 1818, the good ship "Dido" left the Mauritius, on her voyage to Sumatra. She had a cargo of French manufactures on board, which her captain was to barter, for coffee and spice, with the nabobs of the Sunda Isles. After a few days' sail, the vessel was becalmed; and both passengers and crew were put on short allowance of provisions and water.

Preserved meats, fruits, chocolate, fine flour, and live-stock, were all exhausted, with the exception of one solitary patriarchal cock, who, perched on the main yard, was mourning his devastated harem, like Mourad Bey, after the battle of the Pyramids.

The ship's cook, Neptune, a Madagascar negro, received orders one morning to prepare this bird for dinner, and once more, the hungry denizens of the state-cabin snuffed up the delicious odor of food. The captain took a nap, in order to cheat his appetite until dinner-time; and the chief mate hovered like a guardian-angel round the caboose, watching lest any audacious spoiler should lay violent hands on the precious dainty.

Suddenly, a cry of terror and despair issued from the cook's cabin, and Neptune himself rushed out, the picture of affright, with both his hands twisted, convulsively, in the sooty wool that covered his head. What was the matter? Alas! in ill-starred hour the cook had slumbered at his post, and the fowl was burnt to a cinder.

A fit of rage, exasperated by hunger and a tropical sun, is a fearful thing. The mate, uttering a dreadful imprecation, seized a large knife and rushed at Neptune. At that moment, one of the passengers, named Louis Bergas, interposed to ward off the blow. The negro was saved, but his preserver received the point of the steel in his wrist, and his blood flowed freely. With much difficulty the other passengers succeeded in preventing him in his turn, from attacking the mate, but, at length, peace was restored, the aggressor having apologized for his violence. As to poor Neptune, he fell on his knees, and kissed the feet of his protector.

In a day or two the breeze sprung up, and the Dido speedily reached Sumatra. Four years afterwards, it happened, one day, that Louis Bergas was dining at the public table of an English boarding-house at Batavia. Among the guests were two learned men who had been sent out by the British Government to inspect the countries lying near the equator. During dinner, the name of Bergas happening to be pronounced distinctly by one of his acquaintances at the opposite side of the table, the eldest of the savans looked up from his plate, and asked, quickly.

"Who owns the name of Bergas?"

"I do."

"Curious enough," said the savant, "you bear the same name as a god of Madagascar."

"Have they a god called Bergas?" asked Louis, smiling.

"Yes. And if you like, after dinner, I will show you an article on the subject, which I published in an English scientific journal."

Louis thanked him; and afterwards read as follows:

"The population of Madagascar consists of a mixture of Africans, Arabs and the aboriginal inhabitants. These latter occupy the kingdom of the Anas, and are governed by a Queen. The Malagasys differ widely from the Ethiopian race, both in their physical and moral character. They are hospitable and humane, but extremely warlike, because a successful foray furnishes them with slaves. It is a mistake to believe that the Malagasys worship the Devil, and that they have at Teintingue a tree consecrated to the Evil One. They have but one temple, dedicated to the god Bergas (*ber*, source, or well, in the Chaldean, and *gas*, light, in the Malagasy tongue.) To this divinity they are ardently devoted, and at stated periods offer him the sacrifice of a cock, as the ancient Greeks did to Æsculapius. So true it is that the languages and superstitions of all lands and ages are linked together by mysterious bonds, which neither time nor distance can destroy."

Louis Bergas thought the latter philosophical reflections very striking.

"You can scarcely imagine," said his companion, "how important these remote analogies traced out by us with so much labor and fatigue, are to the advancement of science!"

Bergas bowed, and was silent.

The cares of a busy, commercial life soon caused him to forget both the philosopher and his own idol namesake.

After the lapse of about two years, Bergas set out to purchase ebony at Cape St. Maria, in Madagascar; but a violent tempest forced the vessel to stop at Singal on the Anas Coast. While the crew were busy refitting the ship, Bergas started off to explore the interior of the country. There are no carnivorous wild beasts in Madagascar; but there is abundance of game to tempt the sportsman, and Louis, with his gun on his shoulder, followed the chase of partridges, quails and pheasants, for several miles, until he reached the border of a thick bamboo jungle.

There, he saw a number of the natives prostrate before the entrance of a large hut. They were singing, with one accord, a monotonous sort of hymn, whose burden was the word "Bergas!" so distinctly pronounced, that Louis immediately recollected the account given him by the philosopher in Batavia.

Impelled by very natural curiosity, he stepped forward, and peeped into the temple. No attempt had been made to ornament its four walls, built of bamboo, cemented with clay; but, in the centre of the floor, stood, on a pedestal, the statue of the god Bergas, and Louis was greatly struck with his appearance.

The idol, though far from being a finished work of art, was yet far superior in form and workmanship, to the ordinary divinities of savage nations. The figure represented a man dressed in European costume, with a wide straw hat on his head, and a striped muslin cravat round his neck. He was standing in the attitude of one who is intercepting a blow, and his right hand was stained with blood. There was even an attempt, Louis Bergas thought, to imitate his own features; and the god had thick, black whiskers, meeting under his chin, precisely such as Louis had worn in 1818. The dress, too, resembled his own; and the cravat, marked in the corner L. B., was one which he had given Neptune, the cook. In a few minutes, a procession of natives entered the temple; they kindled a fire in a sort of chafing-dish, and, placing it on a dead cock, burnt the sacrifice before their god, with loud acclamation. Bergas, unluckily, was not able to preserve his gravity during this pious ceremonial. He burst into a fit of laughter, and was instantly seized by the offended worshippers. With shouts of rage they were about to sacrifice him to their outraged deity, when a noise of cymbals announced the approach of the chief of the tribe. The high priest met him at the door, and announced the danger. The incensed chieftain seized a Malagasy axe, and ran to take vengeance on the offender. Bergas [illegible] the feet of Louis.

[illegible]

On their way [illegible], Neptune related his history to his friend. The powerful Radama, sovereign of Madagascar, had concluded a treaty of peace with his enemy [illegible]. The wife of the latter, being a woman of genius, was named Queen of the Anas, by an edict of Radama; and this lady was sister of Neptune, ex-cook of the Dido.

No sooner was she seated on the throne than she released her brother from his menial situation, and gave him absolute authority over the small province of Singal. Neptune's first act was an endeavor to manifest his gratitude, after the strange fashion of his people, to his protector Bergas; and we may fancy how [illegible] was the reception, how warm and affectionate the welcome, bestowed on the living benefactor, whose wooden semblance he and his people had worshipped as a god. The grateful negro loaded him with presents, and sent his most skilled workmen to assist in repairing the ship. Probably, to this day, the god Bergas may still be worshipped in Singal; and the Æsculapian cock may still excite the wonder, and fill the note-books of travelling philosophers.

### THE GOSPEL OF WORK.

A young lady who has had the (mis) fortune to be born of wealthy parents, and to receive a fashionable and genteel education—and also to experience the usual consequences of such an education,—has recently addressed a letter to Dr. Jackson, of Glen Haven, New Jersey, stating her ailments, and asking for medical advice and instruction. After giving a history of the usual routine of a fashionable young lady's daily and nightly employment, she remarks:—

"Such, dear Doctor, is *life*. How I hate it! I'd rather

"be a cabbage and grow in a garden
than such a woman.

My list of bodily pains—Hear! hear! Pain in the head from temple to temple. Pain in the nape of the neck—pain in the chin—pain on the top of the head—pain hard—at times severe—between the shoulders; pain also under the right shoulder-blade, and in the left side, near the heart.—Pain in the small of the back—extending downward and forward. Pain on the inside of the limbs—dyspepsia—cold feet—very cold hands, intermittent pulse, ravenous appetite, constipation, and at stated periods hard headache, so that I am unfit for walking, it making me dizzy to do so."

She has aspirations for a higher and a more worthy existence, and entreats to know if she is "worth saving." The Doctor replies to her appeal, not by sending a prescription for pills and plasters, in unintelligible Latin, but in plain and common-sense English, after the style of the following refreshing paragraphs, which we copy from the Water-Cure Journal:—

"Without egotism on your part, or flattery on mine, let it be admitted that with good health you *can* and therefore *ought to take care of yourself*. You are no suckling, to be dandled in the lap of motherly affection, and have your cheek tickled. You are no weakling, lacking common sense, and therefore needing special provision in your father's *will*. You are a woman, with *good* talents, you say—with *great* talents, *I say*; and all you need is *development* in the right direction. Let your father's property take care of itself—'Let the dead bury the dead.' Go you and *work*.

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly,
Labor, for labor is noble and holy,
And let your great deeds be your prayer to your God.

"The gospel of work is the gospel for you. Hitherto, yours has been the gospel of laziness and frivolity. Life has been to you a series of follies, a round of senseless dissipations. Till you get back *health*, you can pursue no severe intellectual labor. You want work in the open air—milking cows, weeding garden, working in a Water-Cure, rambling on hill and dale, botanizing, collecting mineralogical, conchological, entomological specimens. Go

"Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
Go scorn proud towers,
And seek them in blessed bowers
Where winds perhaps your woods may sometimes shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh you,
Saving of fountains that glide by you.

"And when *life* begins to glow more [illegible] and hopefully, *then* some way will be opened for you. For the hour that needed a soul to meet it never yet came and the soul *absent*.—The spirit that throbs and throes for a birth into a higher sphere of life, will find that God always sends it a good deliverance.

"The true principle of development is *self-government*. To govern yourself you must have concourse, you must *work*. I do not mean *drudgery*, but occupation, employment; not *pastime*, but serious business. If necessary, you must turn your back on home, its luxuries, its associations, and enervating influences, as sources of weakness and not of strength to *you*. Mature your plans, and let them centre in yourself as the source of vitality. Then, with uplifted eye, as if you would like God's wing to overshadow you, commence your labor of *redemption*. You will *rise*. There is not gravitating force in the Universe sufficient to keep you down. You come within the attraction of *moral* gravitation, whose force is upward; and your light shall rise *out of obscurity*, and your influence shall be known and felt."

### ANNABEL LEE.

[There are few readers of American poetry to whom the sight of the above name will not recall the ringing melody of Poe's popular lines to her memory. The following article from the *Daily Free Democrat* of Milwaukie, was suggested by the obituary notice prefixed to it, and is an interesting commentary upon the poem.]

Died—On Monday evening, Feb. 24, of inflammation of the brain, after an illness of 38 hours, Annabel Lee, only daughter of Mary J. and T. C. Leland, aged 9 months and 2 weeks.

Connected with the above announcement, is a piece of beautiful history. This Annabel Lee Leland, was the daughter of parents who had always cherished the warmest affection for the late gifted and unfortunate Edgar A. Poe. Their house had been a refuge for him when all others were shut against him, and in the bitterest hours of trial and suffering, he had found in them warm and steady friends. Often had they taken him, in a state of inebriation, from the streets, in winter, when he must have perished from the cold, and provided him shelter, comfort, and sympathy. So in their company was spent some of the most calm and cheerful hours of the latter part of his life.

This attachment between them was the result of a sincere affection he had cherished for the Mary Leland mentioned in the announcement, in her youth. He had known her when she was but twelve years old, a fair-haired, bright-eyed, light hearted girl—and he was a romantic-inspired boy of seventeen. But when he left school, they were separated for many years; he heard she was dangerously sick, and afterwards supposed she was dead. But the bright dreams inspired by her, remained with him, and he has told us, that her angel form often rose up before him in his degradation, and darkness and ruin. It was like a beam of light that gilded the gloom of his existence, and shed its rays through the thick clouds that rolled about his head. In one of those moments, when, frenzied by intoxication, the lovelight of his early days appeared before him—he thought how it was untimely quenched, and left him in the darkness alone, friendless, helpless and hopeless, he seized and wrote those wild sweet strains of "Annabel Lee"—and "the cloud that came out by night"—

"Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."

Shortly afterward, chance threw him in the way of her he had supposed to be dead. She was the wife of T. C. Leland, mentioned above. But she cherished a sympathy for the miserable child of genius; her husband befriended, and afterwards loved him for his talents, his warm heart, and the dazzling attractions of his conversation. The only child born shortly before his death, of these friends of the poet, out of tender respect and admiration of him, was named after the verses referred to. And here we see that this child is dead. The cold sod too, is above the form of him whose life was clouded by suffering, and whose sun went out in darkness. Lightly may it rest on his bosom, is the prayer of those who loved him, and lasting will be their remembrance of the proud and gifted one.

Love and Law.—A young lawyer who had paid court to a young lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the *power of love*.

"It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so because I am not to be won by the *power of attorney*."

## Wit and Humor.

### SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

[We always rather hesitate to admit jokes upon religious subjects into our columns, and have hesitated somewhat as to the following. But, upon consideration, we have come to the conclusion that its tendency is really good. It shows how men may delude themselves and strengthen themselves in evil ways, by an adroit perversion of a true doctrine.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

We clip the following from the Chambers (Alabama) Tribune:

While attending court, recently, in the adjoining county of Randolph, a friend who is fond of jokes of all sorts, and who relates them almost as humorously as "his Honor," gave us the following, *vouching for the substantial, sub lunar existence of the parties and present residence "in the county aforesaid."*

Brothers Crump and Noel were both members of the church, and both clever, honest men, who paid their taxes and debts to the [illegible] occurred, with a regularity at once Christian and commendable. If, when settling day came round, Brother Noel was "short," Brother Crump was sure to be in funds; and on the other hand, it almost seemed providential how, if Brother Crump fell "behind," Brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus borrowing from and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church, and living only a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them; so that at last they did not hesitate to speak in the freest and most familiar manner to each other, even in regard to their respective foibles.

Now, it came to pass that Brother Crump, during the brilliant period of the cotton season, drove into Wetumpka and disposed of his "crop" of ten bales, at the very fair price of twelve-and-a-half cents per pound. It was more than he expected, and as the world was easy with him, he determined to invest, and did actually invest, a portion of the proceeds of the sale of the cotton, in a barrel of Western whiskey; paying therefore at the rate of, precisely, two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of "ditto" whiskey.

Of course it was "norated in the settlement," that old man Crump had bought a whole barrel, and after a few weeks people began to observe that his nose grew redder and his eyes more moist. The idea that Brother Crump was "drinking too much" diffused itself in the neighborhood, until, as one might say, it became epidemical. People talked and talked—more especially "what few" of other denominations of Christians dwelt thereabout.

Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal which circulated about his brother and friend, and especially regretted the injury it brought to the 'ciety at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's and found the old man in a half doze in the little porch.

"Won't you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was made aware of the presence of his neighbor.

"Why, yes, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece.

"Don't you think, Brother Noel, said Crump, that sperits is a blessin'."

"Y-e-s!" replied Noel, "sperits is a blessin', but accordin' to my notion, it's a blessin' that some of us abuses."

"Well now, Brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessin'?"

"Well, its hard to say—but people talk—don't you think *you* drink too much, Brother Crump?"

"It's hard to say—it's hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I *was* a drinkin' too much—then again I'd think *may be not*. What is man? A weak worm of the dust! What the Lord saith, that shall be done! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was goin' too far in sperits. I put the whole *'sponsibility on Him*; I prayed to Him ef I was drinkin' too much, to *take away my appetite for sperits*."

Here brother Noel groaned piously, and asked, "What then, brother Crump?"

"And," replied Crump, "I've prayed that prayer three times, and He HASN'T DONE IT! So I'm clear of the 'sponsibility, any way."

"The Lord's will be done!" ejaculated Noel, and after taking another dram, he went home, thinking all the way, how cleverly brother Crump had shifted the responsibility.

### BLOWING AN EAR-TRUMPET.

It's not the thing for me—I know it—
To crack my own ear-trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.
There was Mrs. F.,
So very deaf,
That she might have worn a percussion cap,
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap.
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!

*Hood.*

### EXTREME DELICACY.

"Is there anything the matter?"

"There is, sir," was my host's reply.

"Have I given any offence?"

"You have, sir."

"Really, I am ignorant of it."

"Such language won't suit here, sir."

"My dear sir, what language?"

"You were talking of soup?"

"We were."

"You mentioned *ox tail*?"

"I did."

"That's it, that's it, sir; that's what sent the ladies blushing out of the room; that highly improper language, which I never heard at any board before, and should not have expected it from you."

"Why, sir, I but called it its proper name.—You asked a question, and I replied. I am, however, sorry that it has given offence; but I really do not know how I could have avoided it."

"Then, sir, I advise you, when you have occasion another time to speak of that peculiar soup, do not call it ox tail."

"No!"

"No, sir."

"But what shall I call it?"

"*Fly disperser!*"

"I shall remember the fly disperser soup, sir, rest assured."

Origin of Beefsteaks.—Beefsteaks were *discovered* by a Roman Priest, whose name we forget, though it can be found in a book, the title of which we do not remember. He had been broiling a piece of beef to be offered to the god in whose temple he officiated, and, seizing it by the thumb and forefinger, for the purpose of conveying it to the altar, he found it so hot that he was compelled to drop it, and instinctively placed the burnt thumb and finger in his mouth. They happened to be covered with the juice of the steak, which he tasted, and lost all sense of pain in the exquisite enjoyment thus conveyed to the palate. Being a man of genius, he proceeded to place another slice on the coals, which, being cooked, he incontinently devoured it, losing sight of his official duties, which required that the meat should be placed before the god. For a long time he pursued this course, until his fat and sleek appearance attracted attention, and he was watched, and the secret discovered. He would have been put to death, but for the judges on his trial eating a steak, whereupon he was acquitted, and made Pontifex Maximus, as a reward for the benefit he had conferred on mankind. Beefsteaks became the rage, and there were broils continually going on all over the Empire; for the Romans were a little more quick-witted than the Chinese, who deemed it necessary to burn down a house to roast a pig, and did not suppose that steaks could be cooked only in temples. It was a blessed day for mortals when the priest burnt his fingers.—*Carpet Bag.*

Locomotive Result of a Bad Character.—"What a traveller you have become!" exclaimed an Englishman, on meeting an acquaintance at Constantinople.

"To tell you the truth," was the frank reply, "I am about the world to keep ahead of my character; the moment it overtakes me, I am ruined; but I don't care who knows me so long as I travel *incognito*."

Rare Epitaph.—The history of a certain William Smith, who lived in [illegible], is thus pithily summed up on a tombstone in the churchyard of that place:

"Here lies William Smith, and what is
Somewhat rarish,
He was born, bred, and hanged in
This here parish."

### INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL CHARACTER.

The purpose of human life is to *form* a manly character, to get the best development of body and of spirit,—of mind, conscience, heart, and soul. This is the end; all else is the means. Accordingly that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money or [illegible] the most power of place, honor and fame; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, performs the greatest amount of human duty, enjoys the greatest amount of human right, and acquires the greatest amount of manly character. It is of no importance whether he win this by carrying a hod upon the shoulder, or a crown upon his head. It is the *character* and not the crown, I value. The crown perishes with the head that wears it, but the character lives with the immortal man who achieved it; and it is of no consequence whether that immortal man goes up to God from a throne or from a gallows.

Every man has some one preponderating object in life—an object that he aims at and holds supreme. Perhaps he does not know it. But he thinks of this in his day-dreams, and his dreams by night. It colors his waking hours, and is with him in his sleep. Sometimes it is Sensual Pleasure that he wants; sometimes Money; sometimes Office, Fame, Social Distinction; sometimes it is the quiet of a happy home, with wife and children, all comfortable and blessed; sometimes it is a special Science or Art, or Department of Literature; sometimes it is a special form of philanthropy, and sometimes it is the attainment of a great manly Character.

This supreme object of desire is sometimes different at different times in a man's life, but in general is mainly the same all through. For "the child is father of the man," and his days bound each to each, if not by natural piety—then by unnatural preference. This desire may act with different intensity in the active and passive periods, in manhood and in age. It is somewhat modified by the seasons of passion, and by the season of ambition.

If this object of special desire be worthy, so is the character in general; if base, so is the man. For this special desire establishes a unity in his consciousness, if strong; and calls out certain passions, appetites, powers of mind and conscience, heart and soul; and, in a long life, the man creates himself anew in the image of his ideal desire. This desire, good or bad, which sways the man, is writ on his character and thence copied into the countenance; and lust or love, frivolity or science, interest or principle, mammon or God, is writ on the man. Still this unity is seldom whole and complete. With most men there are exceptionable times, when they turn off a little from their great general pursuit. Simeon the Stylite comes down from his pillar, and chaffers in the market place with common folks. Jeffries is even just once or twice in his life, and Wilkes is honorable two or three times. Even when the chief desire is a high and holy one, I should not expect a man to go through life without ever committing an error or a sin. When I was a youngster,—just let loose from the theological school, I thought differently; but now, when I have felt the passions of life, and been stirred by the ambitions of life, I know it must be expected, that a man will stumble now and then. I make allowance for that in myself, as I do in others. These are the exceptional periods in a man's life—the eddies in the stream. The stream runs downhill all the time, though the eddy may for a time apparently run up.

Now as with man, so is it with nations. The purpose of National Life is to bring forth and bring up manly men who do the most of human duty, have the most of human rights and enjoy the most of human welfare. So that is not the most successful nation which fills the largest space, which occupies the longest time, which produces the most cattle, corn, cotton or cloth, but that which produces the most men. And in reference to men, you must count not numbers barely, but character quite as much. That is not the most successful nation which has an exceptional class of men, highly cultured, well bodied, well minded, well born, well bred, at the one end of society, and at the other a mighty multitude, an insubstantial class, poor, ill born, ill bred, ill bodied and ill minded too, as in England; but that is the most successful nation which has the whole body of its people well born, well bred, well bodied and well minded, too; and those are the best institutions which accomplish this best; those worst which accomplish it least. The government, the society, the school, or the church, which does this work is a good government, society, school or church; that which does it not is good for nothing.

As with men, so with nations. Each has a certain object of chief desire, which object prevails over others. The nation is not conscious of it,—less so, indeed, than the individual; but, silently, it governs the nation's life. Sometimes this chief desire is the aggrandizement of the central power—the monarchy: it was so once in France,—but, God be praised! is not so now. Then, devotion to the King's person was held as the greatest national excellence, and disrespect for the King was treason,—the greatest national crime. The people must not dare to whisper against their King. Sometimes it is the desire to build up an aristocracy. It was once so in Venice. It may be an aristocracy of priests, of soldiers, of nobles, or an aristocracy of merchants. Sometimes it is to build up a middle class of gentry, as in Basle and Berne. It may be a military desire, as in ancient Rome; it may be ecclesiastical ambition, as in modern Rome; or commercial ambition, as in London and many other places.

This chief object of desire is not always the same in the course of a nation's history. A nation now greatens the centripetal power, strengthening the king and weakening the people; now it greatens the centrifugal power, weakening the king and strengthening the people. But commonly, you see some one desire runs through all the nation's history, only modified by its youth, or manhood, or old age, and by circumstances which react upon the nation as the nation acts upon them.

This chief object of desire may be permanent, and so govern the whole nation for all its history. Or it may be, on the other hand, a transient desire, which is to govern it for a time. In either case it will appear prominently in the controlling classes; either in the classes which control all through, or in such as last only for a time. Thus the military desire appeared chiefly in the Patricians of old Rome, and not much in the plebians; the commercial ambition appeared in the nobles of Venice; the ecclesiastical in the priests of modern Rome, where the people care little for the Church, though quite as much, perhaps, as it deserves.

As the chief desire of the individual calls out appetites and passions, which are the machinery of that desire, and reconstructs the man in its image, so the desire of a nation, transient or permanent, calls out certain classes of men who become its exponents, its machinery, and they make the constitution, institutions, and laws to correspond thereto.

As with one man, so with the millions, there may be fluctuations of purpose for a time. I cannot expect one man, or that many men, will always pursue an object without at some time violating fundamental principles. I might have thought so once. But as I live longer, and see the passion and ambition of men—see the force of circumstances, I know better. No ship sails across the ocean with a straight course, without changing a sail; it frequently leaves its direct line, now "standing" this way, now that, and the course is a very crooked one, although, as a whole, it is towards the mark.—*From a Sermon by Rev. Theodore Parker.*

Force of Waves.—It is difficult to conceive of the immense force which is exerted by the waves of the sea, when driven on by a strong wind. The late catastrophe at Minot's Rock, gives us some idea of this tremendous power, and shows us how feeble are the strong works of man when opposed to the fury of this element. At the last meeting of the British Association, Thomas Stevenson, Civil Engineer, gave the results of his observations on the force of the waves, made by means of the marine dynamometer.

The greatest result registered in the Atlantic Ocean, was at Skerryvore Lighthouse, during a Westerly gale on the 29th of March, 1845, when the force was 6,083 lbs., or, *three tons per square foot*. The greatest result registered in the German Ocean, was 3,013 lbs., or about one and a half tons *per square foot*. On the 20th of November, 1827, in a heavy ground swell after a storm, solid water rose at the Bell Rock Lighthouse 106 feet above the level of the sea, irrespective of the depth of the trough of the wave. Such an elevation is due to a head of water of the same height. The force, then, which urges the lower courses of the Bell Rock must have been nearly *three tons per square foot*, a force which, when exerted upon a large extent of surface, becomes almost inconceivably great.—*Providence Journal.*

Shrewd Proposition.—A prisoner in jail lately sent to his creditors the following proposals, which, he believed, would be for their mutual benefit:

"I have been thinking that it is very bad for me to lie here and put you to expense. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness. God knows what it may cost you in the end. Therefore, what I would say is this: You let me out of prison, and instead of nine shillings you shall allow me only seven shillings a week, and the other two shillings shall go towards the debt!"

### BRIGHTER HOURS.

BY G. [illegible]

Though thou art present here with cares,
With sorrow, care, and strife;
Though Gladness may not shed her beams
Upon thy day of life;
Yet fear not, for amidst the gloom
One hope is ever near—
That joy may yet see [illegible]
And bring us brighter hours!

[illegible]
For [illegible]
And [illegible]
If [illegible]
In darkest nights some star appears—
In Winter's hand, some flowers;
So shines for [illegible] years,
The hope of brighter hours!

With fearless spirit still press on,—
Act thine allotted part!
Life's high rewards were never won
By faint and coward heart!
Keep on thy course and falter not,
Though the [illegible] tempest lowers,
But still [illegible] thy lot,
Hope on for brighter hours!

Cares may be round thee, doubts and fears
Thy trembling soul oppress,—
Mourner! look upward through thy tears,
Thy God is near to bless!
E'en if Hope's [illegible] grows dim,
A better light is ours,
Which leads us on to trust in Him
Who gives us brighter hours!

## Selected Sketch.

### TOO NATURAL BY HALF.

Such was the vivid truthfulness of Kean's acting—so fraught with meaning was every look and gesture, that it often occasioned many curious scenes among the different ladies with whom he acted. We will give one example:—

During the time when Kean, in the full tide of his success, was starring it in the country, it so happened that a young and newly-wedded actress joined the company in which the great actor was performing. She was engaged expressly for juvenile tragedy. The part selected for her debut was Lady Anne, in "Richard III." The Richard, Kean, of course—the only Richard since the days of the redoubtable George Frederick Cook. Mrs. K——, (for such was the fair brother's name,) had never appeared with Kean, nor, in fact, had she ever seen him on the stage, and was perfectly electrified with his style of acting—so fervid, so impassioned, so glowing, so truthful. Mrs. K—— was young and graceful, and gifted with no ordinary charms—an advantage of which she was by no means ignorant; in fact, how could she be ignorant of the soft impeachment, when her gallant husband, a genuine Milesian, had so often in their courtship assured her of its truth; and hundreds of admiring auditors, strangers as well as intimates, had been similarly frank and communicative? Therefore, without any charge of undue vanity, she might well fall into the error of taking the great tragedian's earnest acting for reality. He was known to be a great admirer of the fair sex, an ardent worshipper of beauty. The young lady was just at this time, as was quite natural, peculiarly susceptible of the slightest indication of the tender passion. It will be remembered it was in the early days of her honeymoon, and love was peculiarly the business of her thoughts. What wonder, therefore, that in the well known scene in Act II. of the tragedy, where Richard, as he is proceeding from Old St. Paul's, encounters at Ludgate the body of the murdered King Henry, which is attended by his daughter-in-law, widow of the also murdered Prince Edward, on its way to Chertsey for interment, and the memorable courting scene takes place which has been so often invidiously brought forward in proof of the weakness and fickleness of the fair sex, the young bride should have been surprised and almost overpowered at the earnestness and lifelike reality of Kean's acting. The intense passion he threw into the words—

"I never sued to friend or enemy;
My tongue could never learn soft, soothing words;
But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak."

And the eager warmth and trembling emotion with which he seized her hand, alike startled and troubled her; his piercing glances seemed to seek for and read the secret meaning of her very soul through her retiring eyes. Like some timid bird, she felt fascinated and lost at his basilisk glances; she would have fled him, but could not, her steps seemed rivetted to the boards. But when he came to the passage—

"I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was—
Those eyes have turned my stubborn heart to woman,
Thy goodness makes me soft in penitence,
And my harsh thoughts are turned to peace and love."

His persuasive energy, the music of his tones, &c., left her no power to stir. Indignation, wonder, scorn, all possessed her by turns; surprise at his temerity, astonishment at his assurance—all yielded, in turn, to the matchless powers of the actor, and she impassively listened to him till he finally, as directed in the great bard's text, enjoins her to go back to his residence at Crosby Hall, while he proceeds with the procession to see the body of his victim snugly boxed up in Chertsey Monastery; like the soldier, with the widow of Ephesus, sufficiently proving he had a tongue could wheedle with the devil. Well might Richard exclaim—

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?"

Yet it is not very unnatural that Lady Anne's grief for a dead father-in-law should melt away before the warmth of such ardent protestations of a living lover, even though he had so violently and unlawfully divorced her from her husband—perhaps, not a very congenial one. However, when the actress was allowed to quit the stage, then—no longer under the spell of the enchanter—did nature re-assume her empire, and her feelings find vent. Rushing off at the side where her then enamored lord and master was waiting in fond admiration to receive her, she burst into a passionate flood of tears, and hysterically threw herself into his arms.

On her astonished spouse inquiring the cause, she said,

"She had been grossly insulted. She was sure Mr. Kean *meant* something. She had never been *looked at* in such a way in her life. She was certain he was *not* acting."

"Pooh! pooh! my dear!" replied K——. "You are quite wrong. All a mistake, I assure you."

"A mistake! wrong!" sobbed the lady; "no, no, Mr. K——, I am not wrong. I am but too right. What did Mr. Kean mean, sir? If you were a man of any spirit, and loved your wife, you would resent this conduct, sir. No necessity for people being so *very particular*."

"By the powers, you are right, my darling!" said the good-natured husband, who, in addition to being, as it has been stated, a recent importation from the Emerald Isle, was one of the boon companions of the great actor, "There is no occasion at all, at all, as you say, for *people* being so *very particular*! You'll not be so nice when you've been married a little longer."

"Mr. Kean has been making love to me on the stage, Mr. K——, and before all the audience."

"Of course; it was in his part."

"Not of course, at all, sir; it was not in his part," said the lady, energetically. "Was it in his part to look at me in the way he did—to squeeze my hand as he did? *You* never looked at me, as *he* did. *You* never squeezed my hand in that way. *You* never made love to me in such a manner!"

"Pooh! pooh! my darling! He was merely acting!"

"Acting! No, sir! It was nothing like acting. I again repeat, there was no acting in it. I know what acting is. Everybody must have noticed it, but a cold, indifferent husband. If you are anything of a man, as I said before, you'll revenge my outraged honor!"

"You are too ultra, my darling—you are too virtuous; depend on it, it was only his natural style of acting; Mr. Kean intended nothing of the kind."

"Don't tell me, *sir*, of his not intending! I know what he intended by the expression he threw into his looks and words. Natural, indeed! it was too natural by half, *sir*!"

It was in vain poor K—— endeavored to disabuse the mind of his over-sensitive lady of her error. She left him in a huff, and he felt it necessary, in order to keep the domestic peace, to come to some understanding with the actor not to be so *very natural* for the future. This was rather an awkward affair, but K—— managed to blunder through it tolerably well.

"My dear fellow," said he to the actor, as they were taking supper together at their favorite place of resort, "you must moderate your fervor a little in your scenes with Mrs. K——. Consider, she's all tinder and touchwood just now; it will be all mighty different by-and-by; but, just at the present, you see, she don't know it that your acting is only make believe. You know how unreasonable these women are! Draw it a little milder, my dear boy, to-morrow night. By my soul, it's giving her wrong notions and vague conceptions, you see, with your fire and fervor, that may make her dissatisfied, for who the d—l can come up to the conceptions of a *Kean* any how?"

The good-natured tragedian laughingly promised that he would not be so natural in his future representations, and, wishing poor K—— good-night, departed. The indulgent husband, much relieved, retired to bed, where he pondered [illegible] on the events of that evening, that had taken place behind the curtain.

He soothed his offended lady as well as he could, and was at last permitted to resign himself to sleep, heartily glad that it was no worse.

Kean kept his word, and though there were frequent lectures after this, the condemnations were rather to be laid to the score of Bacchus, than, as in the first instance, they had been to that of Venus. Whereas, as Mrs. K—— ever after insisted, Kean's acting had certainly been "*too natural by half*."

This anecdote is from the narration of the husband himself.

### THE TRUE LADY.

The editor of the Portland Eclectic, in the course of an Essay upon the Ladies, tells the following interesting and instructive tale which we commend to our accomplished lady readers:

We once knew a "young lady" who lived in fine style. Her parlors were elegantly furnished, and her dress was always of the latest fashion.—She had her piano and her teacher, and she played Italian music charmingly. In all the exquisite graces of life she was faultless. She had a rich vein of sentiment, too, and could talk philosophy, or discuss standard authors, at pleasure. Of course, she read novels—in fact, a large portion of the day was devoted to that interesting and instructive class of polite literature. She was also somewhat industrious, for she would occasionally work elegant embroidery. With an abundance of curls, that floated over her neck in beautiful profusion, a fine form, hands white and delicate, large powers of conversation in the usual drawing-room style, she was followed by the young men of taste. Yet, somehow, *she never got married*. The "beaux" fluttered around her like flies over a pot of honey, but they were very careful not to be caught as those other insects are apt to be.—Their attentions were never so particular as to require some "friend of the family" to demand what were their intentions. This was no fault of the young lady. She was in the market as plainly as though she had inscribed on her forehead, "A Husband Wanted; *for particulars inquire within*." But the husband never, to our knowledge, came; and we believe that at this day, she is a disconsolate old maid.

What was the trouble? Step with us into the kitchen. That fat woman, with a red face, is the servant of the house. She does the cooking, the washing and the chamber-work. From early dawn until late at night, she is a slave.—Well, that woman is our charming young lady's mother! She never sees her daughter's "callers." If, by accident, she should drop into the parlor while visitors were present, she would hasten out again, with embarrassed manner, looking as though she had committed an offence, while her own child's face would be suffused with blushes.

Now take a walk with us. In that workshop do you see that hard-working mechanic? The wrinkles are hardened over his face, and the gray hairs are thinly sprinkled over his head.—He looks anxious, as though his heart-string tugged at some deep sorrow and mortification. He is the *father* of our beautiful "young lady," and his hard earnings for many years have been absorbed in the expensive luxuries that her admirable taste has craved. He, too, is excluded from the society of his own daughter.

She moves in a circle above her parents, and, in short, is *ashamed of them*. They live in the kitchen—she in the parlor. They drudge—she reaps the fruit. She has no pulsation of gratitude for all this. She despises them, and, in fashionable gatherings, is among the first to curl her pretty lips at "low mechanics," provided she can do it safely.

Is she a true lady? No—ten thousand times No! We object not to her accomplishments—to her taste in dress—to her manners. We look upon and admire such, just as we do a superb statue of Venus. As a work of art, it is beautiful; but, nevertheless, it is inanimate marble, having no soul, being of no use in practical life, and good for nothing, but *to look at*.

The beauty of the mind is the true beauty; and the affectionate daughter who nestles herself lovingly into the heart of hearts of her parents—who makes her mother her companion and *confidante*—who not only works with that mother, but takes the heaviest burden upon herself—she is the *true lady*. She may never have struck a note upon the piano, yet her home is melodious with harmony, such as angels sing. Her exterior may be humble, but her interior life is clothed in the vestments of immortal beauty.

There are many "young ladies" whose whole character is on the surface. Dress, manners, accomplishments, all are external. They have no depth of thought, no moral strength, no heart. They are "outsiders." When the searching fires of adversity burn beneath the surface, there is no protecting walls upreared within. The whole becomes a heap of ashes, though it may retain the semblance of humanity.

The *true lady* cultivates the higher nature.—She is religious, but not fanatical—courteous, but not fawning. Reposing serenely upon the arm of her Heavenly Father, and associating with unseen angelic spirits, she meets the storm with calmness, and accepts it as a disciplinary mercy. Her sympathy ever pulsates to the cry of suffering, and her hand is ever open to relieve. She is beautiful at home, beautiful at the bedside of the sick, beautiful through life, beautiful at the hour of her departure into the world of spirits, and transcendantly and eternally beautiful in Heaven.

That is the *true lady*.

Late Hours.—At whatever period we go to sleep, says Dr. Combe, one fact is certain, that we can never with impunity turn day into night. Even in the most scorching seasons of the year, it is better to travel under the burning sunshine than in the cool of the evening, when the dews are falling and the air is damp. Two Colonels in the French army had a dispute, whether it was most safe to march in the heat of the day or in the evening. To ascertain this point, they got permission from the commanding officer to put their respective plans into execution. Accordingly, the one with his division marched during the day, although it was in the heat of summer, and rested all night; the other slept in the daytime, and marched during the evening and part of the night. The result was, that the first performed a journey of 600 miles without losing a single man or horse, while the latter lost most of his horses and several of his men.

## For Housekeepers.

### LEMON CAKE.

Five cups of flour, white and clean;
One cup of butter—nothing mean—
Six new-laid eggs, well beaten up;
Enough of milk to fill one cup;
One lemon large, or two if small;
Sugar, three cups, to sweeten all;
A teaspoonful of soda add;
Rich lemon cake will then be had.
Bake it in pans to please the eye—
Or round, or oblong, should you try.
Of one thing note, without surprise—
The more you make, the less the size!

*Lynn News.*

Bed Bugs.—There is a long article in the Valley Farmer, by which it is established beyond question, that sweet oil occasionally rubbed over bedsteads, chair boards, &c., will effectually prevent the appearance of bed bugs. We think it unnecessary to publish the evidence of the efficiency of this cheap and agreeable preventive of the nuisance in question. The reader will take our word that it is conclusive.—*Exchange.*

To Boil Rice.—Very few persons in New England know how to boil rice properly. It is usually so boiled as to become a *heavy dough*, so tenacious and solid as to be almost impenetrable to the digestive fluids secreted by the mouth and the stomach, which are necessary to dissolve it and to effect its proper digestion and distribution, as innocent, nourishing food. It should be so cooked that the grains shall remain separate and distinct, but not hard, and the whole be in some degree loose and porous.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, in a letter from Washington, dated in 1817, when he was in very ill health, says,—"Mr. Macon sent here his man cook to dress my rice, a *mystery* not understood anywhere this side of Cape Fear River. He sent the rice also."

A friend of mine, long subject to dyspeptic complaints, and therefore well versed in the science of food and cookery suitable to his necessities, dictated to me the following recipe for dressing rice properly, and in the way he had long been in the habit of having it prepared for his own use:

"*To Boil Rice.*—Soak it for seven hours in cold water and salt; (that is, I suppose, in cold salted water.) Have a stewpan ready, containing boiling water, into which put the soaked rice, and boil it briskly for ten minutes. Then pour it into a colander, set it by the fire awhile, and serve it up. The grains will be separate, and will be very large."—*Boston Post.*

## Agricultural.

### CHEWING THE CUD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—In the last number of the Post I saw an article in the Agricultural department of the paper, headed "The Cud of Animals," taken from the Boston Cultivator. Now any person who has had any experience among cattle, and has the least degree of observation about him, would perceive that the theory of the Boston Cultivator is wrong. The cud is drawn from the stomach, then chewed, and afterwards returned. This is easily proved, for when an ox is chewing the cud after he has swallowed, and is about to bring up another cud, if you take a tight hold of the gullet, he cannot raise it—if you then let go your hold he will soon make another effort and bring up the cud. It might be said that this only prevents him from bringing the cud from its secret place of deposit under the lower end of the tongue. But if the cud is held under the roof of the tongue, stopping the communication between the mouth and stomach would not prevent the cud from coming into the mouth from under the roof of the tongue.

The cud is the food which is thrown into the stomach not sufficiently masticated, and is again brought up to be chewed over again. For if you put something nasty into the mouth of an ox while he is chewing his cud, he will spit out both it and the cud. Then you will see that the cud is nothing but his food which he had thrown into his stomach not sufficiently chewed. The stomachs of all cud chewing animals are suited to this arrangement. They are large that the food may be swallowed in a coarse state. The ox will eat the same quantity of food of the same kind in much less time than a horse will, because the horse chews his sufficiently before he swallows it; but the ox swallows his down rough, then afterwards brings it up as cud, and chews it over again at his leisure. S. S.

*Oak Hill, Pa.*

### MOWING SCYTHES.

Mr. Editor:—Some months ago, at my request, you published in the Cultivator—a paper that I have read with interest for several years past—a few remarks in regard to mowing scythes. I think it is a subject of vast importance to farmers, but did not suppose that my remarks would agree with the scythe-manufacturers exactly; satisfied, however, that the position I took in regard to the subject, was a correct one. I said that there were many scythes in the market, with a fine finish, that were good for nothing, and that in the course of sixty years, I had bought and used many scythes, and had never found but four good, or extra ones. I was answered by Wm. Jordon, of Westbrook, Me., who manages the subject well, to suit his own taste, but, like the handle of a jug, it is all on one side! He says, that most men would come to a more reasonable conclusion, and thinks that I have had a number of good scythes, and but *four extra* ones; I say here, away with all scythes, unless they are extra ones! I said I would rather pay three dollars for a first-rate scythe,—I now say I would sooner pay five dollars for a first-rate article, than to use the generality of scythes, such as I have used.—Friend Jordon thinks it is proof of a good farmer, and an honest one, when he is heard to say, he always has good luck in good scythes. I never heard but one man say he never selected a poor scythe, and that one might be supposed scarcely to know the difference between a scythe, and a bush-hook! And after all, friend J. says, "the manufacture of scythes is carried on, in this country in such a manner as to forbid the idea that any manufacturer would allow bad scythes to go into market, with his name stamped upon them." We trust that no manufacturer would wish to put bad scythes into market, and we could sincerely wish there were none but good ones, but to suppose that all scythes are good, made by any one manufacturer on earth, is perfect nonsense. It seems, friend J., your argument is founded on the following—that you have sold some thousands of dozens of scythes, and have seen or heard of such a scythe-manufactory, and that you believe that such a thing really does exist; and further, that you have used a few scythes in the field yourself. Perhaps one reason that you are so sanguine in the belief that scythes are so good, is, that you have had the good luck to be in company with experienced laborers, who selected your few scythes, ground and sharpened them, as is often done for boys just beginning to use them. It is almost invariably said by those who use scythes, that they cut tolerably well, but do not hold an edge. I certainly know that scythes do not hold an edge so long as they did forty or fifty years ago, when made the old way, by hand-hammering. Heavy machinery injures the steel, so say old, experienced workmen. I recollect many years ago, my father had a scythe made by what was then called the scythe trip-hammer, the complaint was, that it would not hold an edge like other scythes. I care not in what manner a scythe is made, if it does the work right; my experience in using scythes every mowing season for more than fifty years, has shown me the great difference in scythes. I bought four new scythes last season for myself, ground and used them all, and only one was what may be called good, and that not first-rate. Scythe manufacturers, please get some of the most refined steel, make only a few scythes, the old way of hand-hammering, and make first-rate articles; we farmers will pay for them. Make them from three feet ten to four feet long, not too crooked, as light and narrow as possible, and above all, have them stand.—*Correspondent of Boston Cultivator.*

Remarks on Breeding.—As an illustration of the effects of *in-and-in* breeding, the following is related as having occurred in a particular neighborhood in this country. A farmer of a sour, unsocial disposition, who as much as possible avoided all intercourse with the rest of the world, and shunned asking the slightest favor of a neighbor, lest he might at some time be desired to reciprocate the kindness shown him, for a long series of years bred his cattle entirely from his own stock. In consequence of this course, such a herd of misshapen, ungainly, big-headed quadrupeds were produced that they could scarcely be recognized as belonging to the cattle kind; and "——'s wolverines" were for a long time the butt of ridicule in the whole vicinity.

The careful breeder, upon either system, will avoid using, even for a single season, any animal possessing obvious defects; for such defects once introduced in but the slightest degree, are liable to be transmitted and re-appear even after several generations have passed. To the many curious and valuable facts already on record relating to this subject, the following may be added:—A portion of the fowls possessed by Constant Clapp, Esq., were formerly of the "downy" breed. But this variety, so strongly marked, had run out and entirely disappeared from his premises for eight years, when three of those downy individuals, perfect in every particular, reappeared among his flock, showing that the blood, though apparently obliterated, had yet been lurking there, generation after generation.

It was a favorite theory with the late distinguished General Schuyler, a man of attentive observation, of deep penetration, and sound judgment, that the true character, either of a man or beast, could be ascertained by looking at the parentage from which he had descended; and as an illustration of this, he used humorously to relate the incident, that in the early years of the Dutch trade with the East Indies, one of his ancestors, being a sea captain, had gone thither, and returned with a wife—a Mongolian lady, whom he had married in his absence. And the blood of that cross continued still to cling to the descendants two centuries afterwards, despite of all their efforts to eradicate it—so that down to the present day, in one branch and another of the family, one of these confounded East Indians would occasionally be making his appearance!—*Trans. N. Y. Ag. Society.*

Planting Fruit Trees for Others.—The Spaniards have a maxim, that a man is ungrateful to the past generation that planted the trees from which he eats fruit, and deals unjustly towards the next generation, unless he plants the seed, that it may furnish food for those who come after him. Thus when a son of Spain eats a peach or pear by the roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the roadsides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste and is ever free.

Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and will bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good or better than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who basks under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.—*Ex.*

[illegible]—*Member of the N. Y. Farmers' Club.*

[illegible]

The difference is very great indeed between [illegible]—*Ed. V. Farmer.*

Chickens vs. The Curculio.—We clip the following from the communication of A. G. Summer, Esq., of Lexington, South Carolina, which appeared in the Farmer and Planter for February:

"For plums, apricots and nectarines, as a defence to the attacks of the curculio, there is no remedy but poultry. Plant them where your poultry have a daily run among them. I have adopted this plan, and have not found a single [illegible] by the curculio in my grounds. It takes more than a dozen hens, and a gouty old cock, to keep a few acres of these delicate trees clear of their enemies; a flock of a hundred is not too many."

Bugs on Vines.—Our friend Kirby, of James' Island, Va., recommends a plan which he has tried with success, for keeping yellow bugs from cucumber and melon vines.

It consists simply of taking four pieces of thin boards fourteen inches long and eight inches wide; nail them so as to form a box, and cover the top with millinet or other thin stuff; place them over the hills when the plants are coming up, and the bugs cannot get at them. The plan is cheap, and may be worth trying.

## Varieties.

### AGNES MAY.

I kissed her lip and left her side,
In Spring's young balmy time,
When every blossom seems a bride,
And waters flow in rhyme;
The birds were warbling in the bowers,
The dew slept on the spray,
And nature sought in vain with flowers
To rival Agnes May.

When Winter from its silent wing
Had shed the stainless snow,
And crowned each forest tree a king,
And sealed the wild brook's flow,
My footsteps sought her quiet home,
But sadly turned away—
Alas! that I should live to come
And find not Agnes May!

She sleeps beneath the withered grass,
And knows not I am there,
To cheat the tardy hours that pass,
And moan my sorrow's prayer.
They say again the Spring shall be,
And make the mourners gay—
Alas! that were no Spring to me
That brought not Agnes May.

### TELL AND THE APPLE.

It has been well said that there is nothing new but that it hath once been old; and this applies particularly to old stories. Everybody has heard how William Tell refused to bow to the hat of the land-vogt, Gessler—how, thereupon, the said land-vogt got into a towering passion, and made Tell try his skill as an archer, by shooting at an apple placed on the head of Master Tell—and how Tell subsequently shot Gessler, after giving him a piece of his mind, a sort of gift which, we have observed, is so far unlike many that it blesses him who gives much more than him who takes it, and is, beside, as little desired as it is readily bestowed. Some modern writers have cast doubts upon the accuracy of the whole story, which, in their view, is nothing more than a piece of Swiss *blague*, a specimen of drawing the long-bow much more creditable to the inventors of the story than to Tell himself, who, by the way, is put down as a purely ideal character, a myth, or something of that sort. Whether this be so or not, it is very certain that a story is told by Saxo Grammaticus—the same author from whom Shakespeare took the plot of his Hamlet—as having occurred in Denmark, in the year 965, almost identical with that which we have of Tell. In that story, Harold, King of Denmark, plays the same part that is borne by Gessler in the Swiss tradition, and Toko, that of William Tell. This was almost two centuries and a half before the time of William Tell and Gessler, and it may be that the latter worthy knew all about it, and, instead of being an original tyrant, was but a poor copy of a very bad original. It is not likely that Tell could have ever heard of Toko, though Gessler may have known of King Harold's amiable eccentricities, and have plagiarized from them.

Although no contemporary historian has made any mention of Tell's apple-shooting exploit, yet is the whole story told in old German songs, which shows that it was believed, and had a firm hold of the popular mind, not very far from the time it is represented as having taken place.—Modern criticism has clearly shown that these old songs are very useful in letting us into the history of the early life of nations. The admirable use to which Niebuhr put the Roman *lays* is well known; and there is no good reason why those of other nations should not be as well secured.

Bad Water and Western Fever.—A correspondent writing from the Western part of the State, says he has lately been devoting some time to the study of the causes of fever in the Western parts of our country. The first inquiry he made was "what substances are contained in the waters at the West that render them so unhealthy?" And what substances would purify it? He believes that the prevailing substance is ammonia, which is produced by the decomposition of vegetable and animal substances, and is a gas that water will absorb in considerable quantities. He believes that filtering the water through substances for which the gas has an affinity, would be the means of purifying it and making it healthy.

There can be no doubt of the fact that bad water is the fruitful cause of many diseases. It has generally been remarked that the people who inhabit districts, where the water is pure, enjoy good health, and exhibit the same in their countenances. There can be no doubt that water containing ammonia is injurious to health. In the East Indies it is customary to boil the water intended for drinking, and then expose it to the atmosphere until it cools. The ammonia, being very volatile, is expelled by boiling. Lime is an absorbent of ammonia, and so is plaster of Paris and charcoal. It is wonderful how small a quantity of any deleterious matter, in food or water, causes disease; but the atmosphere is as often, if not oftener, the element whereby disease is communicated to the frame. Were we living in the West and suspected that water we used contained deleterious substances, we would filter it through sand and clay, and perhaps some charcoal. The charcoal, unless employed as the upper layer, carries down some of its particles and discolors the water, but this can easily be prevented, and the water will appear like crystal. Filtered water should always be dropped from a height and exposed to the air before it is drunk; this is to absorb air, for, without air it has a rain water taste. We believe that too little attention is paid to the purifying of the water that is used for cooking and drinking; and were more attention paid to the purifying of it, some places that are now famous for some diseases, would soon know nothing about them but as things that were.

Taking the Lives of Great Men.—There is attached to each of the chief London morning papers a functionary called "the biographer," whose literary employment is to write, and be in readiness with the memoirs of great and leading men, so that on their demise a day may not pass ere the public are put in possession of the prominent incidents of their lives and career. With the inexorable diligence of fate, the "life writer" of the London paper is always *Posting* up the records of public men whose increasing years or failing strength render it probable that death, at no distant day, may close their career. The machinery, indeed, is said to be so perfect, that memoranda of most living great persons are put away in a series of small compartments, under their respective initial letters, ready for use and compilation at a moment's notice. Thus we learn that not only are the Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, and other veterans of the upper house, regularly *pigeon-holed*—waiting their inevitable turn in the "biographical department" of the chief London morning journals, and have been so for years—but the premier himself, Lord Palmerston, Lord Stanley, and others, are posted up every session in these grim fly sheets, with methodical precision, so that should any casualty call them ever so suddenly to their last account, only a few hours may intervene before their histories are thrown into shape, and served up in the columns of the morning press.

There is a member of the peace society who has not shaved for years, and the reason he gives for his beard, which is a very handsome one, is this: "He is not going to touch a razor, lest by any accident, he should be lending his hand to the unnecessary effusion of blood."

## The Olio.

[illegible]—Most great men have been superstitious. [illegible] bringing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician, Polidori, was stated, Lord Byron remarked: "I was convinced something unpleasant hung over me last night; I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead; so it turns out. Who can help superstition? [illegible]" Scott believed in second sight; [illegible] whether he would be damned or not by aiming at a tree with a pistol; [illegible] Byron on another occasion observed: "Several extraordinary things have happened to me on my birthday; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful thing occurred to Marie Antoinette. At my wedding something whispered to me that I was signing my death-warrant. At the last moment I would have retreated if I could have done so. I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was no fiction; Monk Lewis had his monitor, and Napoleon many warnings." Byron had also a belief in unlucky days. He once refused to be introduced to a lady because it was on Friday. On this same ill-starred day he would never pay visits.

Pedometrical.—In 1477, the famous patrician, Martin Ketzel, undertook a pilgrimage to Palestine, for the express purpose of counting the number of footsteps between the house of Pontius Pilate and Mount Golgotha. The idea was singular, no doubt, but turned to the advantage of the arts. It was Ketzel's intention, on his return, to measure an equal distance from his own house to the cemetery of St. John; then on the road so measured out, to erect seven stations, by the celebrated Adam Kraft, and, at the extremity, a Calvary, crowned with three statues, of Christ and his two executioners. But when he got back to Nuremberg, he found he had forgot the number of paces. Another man would have given way to despair; but Martin Ketzel, without hesitation, resumed his staff, and recommenced his journey to the Holy Land. On his next return, his memory had retained the number; and he immediately set about the execution of his brilliant project, which still exists, and, with the exception of one or two statues requiring a few repairs, the whole is perfect as on leaving the sculptor's hand.

Human Arrogance.—Alphonso X., King of Leon Castile, once said, that "if God had consulted him the formation of the universe, he could have given Him directions for a more perfect whole!" The great French mathematician, Laplace, has stated in his writings, that if the moon had been somewhat differently placed, it might have been more useful for lighting the earth! Blackstone quotes from a European Prince of the middle ages, who commenced one of his edicts as follows:—

"We, moderating the rigor of the divine law, do enact," &c.! Can any reader refer to three more remarkable and daring examples of heaven-scaling arrogance than these?—How strikingly in contrast with the modesty and humility of the great Newton, who at the close of a long life devoted to science, and crowned with discoveries that have rendered his name immortal, declared that he was like one who had been gathering a few pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him.

Extent of the Universe.—It may give some idea of the extent of the Universe to know the length of time required for light, which travels 192,000 miles an hour, to come from different celestial objects to this earth. From the moon, it comes in one and a quarter seconds; from the sun, in eight minutes; from Jupiter, in fifty-two minutes; Uranus, in two hours; from a star of the first magnitude, three to twelve years; from a star of the fifth magnitude, sixty-six years; from a star of the twelfth magnitude, four thousand years. Light which left a star of the twelfth magnitude when the Israelites left Egypt has not yet reached the earth. Our entire solar system itself travels at the rate of thirty-five thousand miles an hour among the fixed stars.—*Home and Foreign Record.*

The Monarch of the Woods.—The whiskers of the lion, like those of the common cat, from point to point equal the width of the animal's body; from being connected with the nerves of the lips, they indicate through the nicest feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustle of leaves and boughs, which would give warning to his prey if they attempt to pass through too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads, (the retractile claws never coming in contact with the ground,) they enable him to steal toward his victim with a stillness greater even than that of the snake, who creeps along the grass and is not perceived till he is coiled round his prey.

☞ "What are you doing there?"

"Imbibing the liquid contained in this ligneous cylinder."

"What?"

"Sucking the cider out of this barrel."

## The Riddler.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 1, 16, 20, 9, 24, is a county in Kentucky.
My 2, 6, 16, 14, is a county in Georgia.
My 3, 26, 16, 4, 12, 15, is a county in South Carolina.
My 4, 24, 19, 9, 15, is a county in Georgia.
My 5, 12, 2, 15, 23, is a county in Tennessee.
My 6, 15, 8, 13, 15, is a county in North Carolina.
My 7, 23, 14, is a county in Illinois.
My 8, 17, 13, 9, 23, 16, is a county in Tennessee.
My 9, 12, 15, 4, 6, is a county in Michigan.
My 10, 26, 7, 21, 9, is a county in Missouri.
My 11, 6, 18, 2, 9, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 12, 11, 4, 12, is a county in Kentucky.
My 13, 9, 23, 15, 15, 6, is the capital of a Kingdom in Europe.
My 14, 10, 1, 17, is a county in New York.
My 15, 23, 21, 8, 12, 15, is a county in Virginia.
My 16, 6, 10, 22, is a county in Kentucky.
My 17, 34, 9, 23, is a lake in North America.
My 18, 12, 8, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 19, 26, 24, 10, 17, 15, is a county in Indiana.
My 20, 16, 5, 3, 8, is a county in Illinois.
My 21, 9, 15, 15, is a county in Iowa.
My 22, 4, 15, 8, 12, 15, is a county in Mississippi.
My 23, 21, 22, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 24, 4, 13, 17, 8, is a county in Missouri.

My whole was the commander of a British fleet sent to take Quebec. D. L. R. PRATT.

### PROBLEM.

A person in a party at cards, betted three shillings to two, upon every deal, and after twenty deals he found that he had gained five shillings; how many deals did he win?

*Bristol, Pa.* S. F. McD.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is to fall;
My second do wrong;
Should my whole do my first,
It would need to be strong.
Now ponder this well,
And the truth you'll find out,
You all slack your thirst
With what flows from my mouth.

*Galena, Ill.* A. F. A.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why does a backgammon table contain the garden of Eden?

Ans.—Because Paradise (*Pair o' dice*) are in it.

☞ Spell the Archipelago in three letters?

Ans.—E, G and C (*Ægean Sea.*)

☞ Why are eyebrows like mistakes?

Ans.—They are oversights.

☞ Why should there be a marine law against whispering?

Ans.—It is private hearing (*Privateering.*)

☞ Why is a man who runs in debt like a clock?

Ans.—He goes on tick.

☞ Why is a good tavern like a bad one?

Ans.—They are both inn convenient (*Inconvenient.*)

☞ Why is a man walking to town like one endeavoring to prevent a blow?

Ans.—He is going toward it (*To ward it.*)

☞ Why is that which never fails like a strong boat?

Ans.—It is a certainty (*Certain tie.*)

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—The Newspaper.

PROBLEM.—19 and 15 feet.

CHARADE.—[illegible].

### CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

The nose from the face of the earth.
A twig from a branch of science.
A finger from the hand of Justice.
A link from the chain of destiny.